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THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

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No. 906.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1834.

PRICE 1s.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Two Years at Sea. By Jane Roberts. 8vo. London, 1834. Bentley.

THIS unpretending work needs little introduction; and we regret for its sake the absurdity of the advertisement, recommending "immediate orders, to prevent disappointment." We had hoped that the day for such nonsense had passed.

The fair author has seen a great deal of the world on land and water, and she describes what she has seen in a neat, clear, and circumstantial manner; her book, like a lady's letter, possessing qualities which we rarely find in masculine productions of the same genus. It is consequently very pleasant reading, and will amuse a few vacant hours most agreeably.

Miss, or Mrs. Jane Roberts (we suspect Miss) sailed, in August 1829, for Van Diemen's Land, with a number of emigrants destined for the Swan River and for that settlement; and of them she says, rather oddly, "the country they leave arises before them in meridian splendour," &c.; but as she rarely affects fine writing, we have no repetition even of such trivial faults as this. After touching at the Brazils, the vessel arrived off the Swan River, and we have some curious accounts of the affairs of the early occupants of that new colony.

"One lovely morning (says our traveller), very early, land was announced, and the cry of 'land! land!' like an electric shock, passed through the ship. It was a call that awoke every sense, and aroused every faculty, so that from that moment all was activity and exertion. At such a time the captain of a vessel is, indeed, a great man, and ours appeared truly so to us, setting aside all former observations and discoveries, and acting, under Providence, entirely upon his own skill and judgment. Having fully assured himself of the land before him, he made a bold and rapid dash for it; and at two o'clock the same day we were, without the least injury, safely at anchor, and nearer the shore than any other vessel had before ventured. The settlers at the Swan River had heard of our departure from England; but, from our delay at Bahia and the Cape, we were so much over our time, that they supposed we were lost, and concluded that the ship they then saw was one that had sailed long after us. Although the men at the Cape had given an account of what was to be met with at the Swan River, and, although at the time the intended settlers thought they could not withhold their belief, still that feeling of uneasiness had, during the remainder of the voyage, greatly subsided. The different accounts published in England had been read and re-read, till hope again cheered them, and they endeavoured to forget every ill boding which had reached their ears. The sight was now, therefore, anxiously strained towards the shore, in order that their own eyes might satisfy them and decide their ultimate fate. And what did they see? A fine river, the verdant banks of which refreshed their anxious gaze? No—sand! in every direction,

as far as the eye could reach, a brilliant white sand, which the children called snow, and wondered why the trees were green! There was a fine breeze from the sea, but the sun was excessively powerful, notwithstanding which, every passenger stood on the deck, looking intently towards the shore, feeling almost common cause with the settlers. In spite of the apparent bustle in the ship, much order and regularity prevailed; but all were so intent on their own observations, and so deeply wrapped in thought, that a boat, unperceived, neared the further side of the vessel, and a man from it joined the party on deck. His sudden and singular appearance drew forth exclamations either of fear or astonishment from every person present, but he was soon recognised as an old friend and acquaintance, who had left England before us. He stated that he had been absent almost a fortnight on an exploring expedition in search of good land—that he had just returned—and seeing the long-expected ship, he could not resist making for her instead of for the shore; and thus accounted and apologised for his sudden, unwashed, and strange appearance. The various apprehensions his presence had at first occasioned were then discussed: some had in their terror taken him for a native—others, not quite so much alarmed, for a wild looking man, although they were perfectly well acquainted with him a few months previously; but all these surmises soon yielded to the more interesting conversation of the real state of the colony. Our friend was not placed in an enviable situation, to be surrounded by those to whom he wished well, and not have a ray of comfort to offer to tranquillise their anxious minds. He, however, spoke cheerfully, and, although he could not say he had seen good land, he still hoped it might be found, and that exploring parties, in other directions, might soon, perhaps, bring the wished-for intelligence. He had shot a fine black swan, which he brought on board and presented to the captain; it was dressed for dinner, and we all considered it excellent. Birds of every kind had been frightened away from Freemantle, off which we were anchored; but at the part they had explored, a little more to the southward, he said, he should never forget the sight of thousands and tens of thousands of black swans, which, as his party coasted the shore, rose and darkened the air for the distance of eight or ten miles."

The voyagers made the best sort of abodes they could for themselves on shore, and lived in tents, and other temporary erections, during the seven weeks the ship remained.

"The party, thus forced into the open air, thought how to arrange themselves most comfortably by fixing on a spot as a sort of general sitting-room. For this purpose, logs of wood were placed on each side of the door of the 'horse-house' as seats. Rushes were laid down between, as a covering to the sand, and a table and chair were placed in the centre. The greatest annoyance we experienced was from the sand; the burnt wood of the surrounding

fires mixing with it, not only filled the shoes, but covered the person with a disagreeable, black, dirty dust. The morning occupations, as soon as we arose, were to pull rushes for a fresh carpet, to prepare the breakfast, and arrange the table. The ship's servants being almost wholly on board caused much inconvenience, the passengers' servants being obliged in consequence to fetch water, prepare fuel, &c., and thus leave their masters to wait almost entirely on themselves. We all, however, submitted cheerfully, and rendered every assistance in our power to hasten our departure. Our fare was coarse and scanty, and consisted, for breakfast, of a few cakes made of flour, water, and a little butter, badly baked on the embers; biscuit; and tea without milk, sweetened with coarse brown sugar. After breakfast the ladies employed themselves, as well as the heat would permit, with books, work, and occasional sketching; the gentlemen wandered away in search of strayed cattle, or to render assistance to settlers. At two o'clock there was a second meal, which consisted of salt, and occasionally of fresh, meat, of potatoes from the ship, biscuit, and cheese. The wine allowed us was tolerably good. We again separated, and met at six o'clock, when we partook of a cup of the same kind of tea as in the morning. A little milk was a great treat; and two gentlemen, from a distant tent, used to walk in the evening with a small cupful they had procured for themselves, to give to others whom they considered not quite so able to endure hardships. Self-privation of one kind or the other was a daily occurrence, and its value was enhanced by the ready cheerfulness with which it was borne. After tea, the gentlemen again left us to prepare for the best, and, I may say, the only meal, for which their fishing-nets afforded an abundant supply. During their absence much had to be done, in felling branches of trees and making fires. On their return, a sufficient quantity of fish being kept for the party, the remainder were distributed to the different tents; where blazing fires, busy groups preparing the meal, and joyous children watching and longing for their supper, formed an interesting picture. About ten o'clock we all retired to our tent, hoping to leave it before the morning sun rendered it insupportable. The buzz and sting of the mosquitoes, the constant snapping noise of the lizard, with the feeling of very close and disagreeable contact, were the annoyances of the night."

"The luxury of clean clothing became a consideration of much importance, as washing was expensive, few being willing to undergo the fatigue of it in so warm a climate. At the town of Freemantle they charged five shillings a dozen, counting small and large articles together. As our stay drew towards a close, we each felt an increasing interest and anxiety as to the welfare and success of those to be left behind. During the whole of our seven weeks' residence there, we had invariably fine weather, until two nights before our departure, when a heavy shower poured down in torrents,

giving us some idea of the sufferings to which the first settlers there before us had been exposed during the rainy season. Canvass was not proof against such a powerful torrent; and the family I have described, not having quite completed their arrangements for removal, sheltered themselves under umbrellas within the tent, putting the children under the tables!"

The description of Peel Town concerns settlers who project to follow in the train of those to whom our extracts refer; but we accompany the author to Van Diemen's Land, where, however, she made no stay, and alludes to some domestic calamity which induced her return to England in the same vessel. We quote only one characteristic anecdote.

"It is considered more fashionable in Van Diemen's Land to write and pronounce the name of its capital *Hobarton*; but, as this change has neither made its way into public accounts, nor been introduced into maps, I think it better to retain the old spelling."

The captain, on departing, took the course of Torres Straits — one seldom pursued, and attended by some dangers; and the writer says —

"We passed Murray's and two other beautiful islands, wooded down to the very water's edge. In the geographical accounts we had with us they were called uninhabited; but we saw a great many canoes, twenty at least, and, as we approached each island, the natives ran along shore, and at times into the sea, waving branches of trees, as if soliciting our approach. We were afterwards told that ships, taking that course, barter with the people of those islands for tortoise-shell and the curiosities of the Straits; but, had we known it at the time, we should not have taken advantage of it, as the captain was too well pleased with the safety of his course, and too anxious to reach the intended place of anchorage, to allow any thing to detain him. Half-way Island rises out of the ocean, a pretty green spot on yellow sand. Here we arrived early in the evening; a safe place was selected, and we anchored for the night: after which, to our great delight, the captain declared his intention to remain the next day. The natives of this island watched our approach, and no sooner perceived that we were fairly at rest than they betook themselves to a large heavy-looking vessel, something like a Chinese junk, and went out to sea, keeping just within sight of the ship. The captain sent a boat's crew on shore to see if they were really all gone; and not a creature appeared, though there were marks of feet of all sizes in the sand, so that it was concluded that they had all taken refuge in their boat. Late in the evening, however, they returned, landed, lighted their fires, and seemed busily employed in preparing their supper. The next morning, by dawn of day, they again went on board, remaining, as on the preceding evening, just within sight of the ship. A boat's crew was again sent to examine the shore, and, finding no one there, the captain wished us to have the enjoyment of being a few hours on land, an unexpected pleasure in the midst of the ocean. The dogs, Captain and Carlo, seemed to understand and like the plan as well as ourselves; and, after a little necessary arrangement, we were safely landed, and began our ramble. I shall relate all we saw, as I do not think any detailed account of the Half-way Island in the Torres Straits has before been given to the public. The native huts are placed close under the protection of the trees, and consist of staves forced into the ground and nicely interwoven with branches of trees. These huts are only high

enough for persons in a sitting position. Close to them is their cooking-place, formed by four sticks stuck upright in the ground, and forked at the top, across which were laid other sticks, of hard, heavy, black wood, forming a kind of gridiron: in and about this place lay oyster and other shells, as articles of cookery and drinking-cups. In each hut there were small mats, made by the natives, in different stages of progress; one was a beautiful specimen, very fine, and quite finished. It was rolled up with all the working apparatus in it, which consisted of the leaf of the brab-tree prepared for plaiting, and a long bone, apparently human, nicely notched and marked in lengths, as if for counting the number and difference of the plait or stitch. There were also string and twine beautifully made from the fibre of the cocoa-nut: numbers of these nuts lay about, but they were merely a mass of fibrous substance, without either fruit or moisture. Towards the centre of the island was a place marked out with sticks, stones, and shells, which was supposed to be either for the burial of the dead or some kind of religious ceremony. It contained a small black wooden figure, with the head of a fish, and ornamented with feathers. As we could not perceive any appearance of a spring or well, the sailors separated, to find out what means they had of procuring fresh water, and the following ingenious and remarkable contrivance seemed to indicate that it was a luxury which cost the inhabitants some pains to procure. At the foot of most of the high trees were placed very large shells of the scollop kind, into which descended a narrow strip of the brab-tree leaf: we traced this upwards, and it was found to be suspended from the top of the tree, and thus hanging into the shell below, formed a narrow channel or leafy water-course. All the shells were in like manner supplied with these strips; and on the ground round them were quantities of the same material, nicely rolled up, as if ready for suspending when the others failed. The dew and rain, then, we may suppose, are the only means by which the natives can procure fresh water — the dew rising from the ground, and adhering to the leaves and branches of the trees, falls in scanty but daily portions — whilst the occasional shower from heaven fills their shell to overflowing. Only one tree that we saw bore any appearance of having fruit, and that was too high to judge if good for food; fish, therefore, is probably their greatest if not only support, and may account for the little idol, if such it were, having a fish's head. There were rude marks of a cross and a circle on some stones on the shore, but whether cut up by themselves or sailors touching there could only be a matter of conjecture. We picked up a great many stones with the brown circular mark in the centre, commonly called the eye-stone. We brought away with us some of their large shells, some of the leafy rolls prepared for the water-course, and some of their matting, twine, and cocoanuts; leaving in their stead potatoes and glass beads, of which savage nations are always fond. Whether they liked the exchange, or considered us cheats, I know not, for they continued at sea in their ark of safety, and were, it is more than likely, wishing our departure from their island home. Fatigued with our ramble, we returned to the ship; and at night the natives again ventured to land, and for a long time appeared very busy with their fires and evening meal."

Hence to Timor, Pulo Penang, the Nicoban Isles, Rangoon, &c. &c., we shall not follow the narrative, as we have done enough to illus-

trate its style and intelligence. At Timor, a musical instrument is mentioned of a singular kind; and with its notice we conclude.

"It was merely the leaf of a tree, of sufficient firmness to retain the form into which it was bent, and three strings were passed through the two ends; the tone being produced in the same manner as on a guitar. A musical person on board afterwards accomplished several airs by ear, which he played with the bow of a violin. The leaf of this tree is very useful to the inhabitants of Copang; they make their drinking cups out of it, and their pails for carrying water. The ends of the leaf are drawn partially together, and fastened and made firm by a stick, whilst the edges are nicely stiffened by a broad hem of its own. A string is fastened to the centre of the stick, which is hung on a pole and carried across the shoulder, one before and one behind the bearer. These leafy pails are of a beautiful colour, more yellow than green, and, when filled with water, look cool and refreshing; and, I may add, from their mode of carrying them, have a most graceful appearance."

Miss Roberts states that the conversion of the Burmese to Christianity is going on very successfully at Rangoon, under the missionary labours of Mr. Judson.

The Captives in India; and A Widow and a Will. By Mrs. Hoffland. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Bentley.

We know few names in literature connected with more honourable or pleasurable associations than that of Mrs. Hoffland. A juvenile library might be formed of her works, and every volume — nay, every page, would be filled with kindly feelings, and simple and practical morality. Many a reader, who now finds in a favourite volume the solace of many a weary hour, first acquired the taste for reading in the attractive pages of this accomplished writer. *Ellen the Teacher, The Son of a Genius, &c.* are among the most touching yet instructive fictions ever written for the use of the young. The volumes now before us contain the narrative of one of the most extraordinary journeys ever performed by a female, embodied in an interesting narrative. But we will give Mrs. Hoffland's own statement:

"The friends and relations of the late Mrs. Fay will perceive that I have interwoven her first overland journey to India in my story; an account of which has been published in Calcutta, but has never, I believe, reached England. I trust no farther apology for so doing is necessary, than saying, that it appeared to me a proof of the power of female fortitude and calm endurance well worthy of being recorded."

We cannot follow the adventurous heroine through her many hair-breadth escapes: all we can do is to extract a scene or two.

Visit to the Pacha of Egypt's favourite Wife. — "After passing the castle gates, they were conducted into a small court, in the midst of which a fountain of pure water fell into a marble basin, after the general fashion of Eastern countries; but the place was surrounded by gilded lattices, and other splendid ornaments, in a style Olivia had never witnessed before, and which, for the first time, realised to her mind the impressions she had received in her childhood, of the wealth and magnificence boasted in the Arabian tales. * * A pair of folding-doors opened, and she was ushered through an ante-room, covered with the produce of the Persian loom, and breathing perfumes, into the inner chamber, in which, to

her surprise, there was what might (in a small room) be termed a crowd of women, all eagerly gazing towards her with looks of childish curiosity, in many faces mingled with fear. It was evident, from the rich dresses, and even the superior beauty of some, that they were the ladies of the harem, as distinguished from their slaves; yet they all alike formed in a moment a kind of lane, which led towards a female, seated on a small square ottoman of silk embroidered with gold, which, mingling with the glittering and costly materials in which she was clothed, rendered her, at the first glance, the most dazzling object Olivia had ever beheld. The low-bending courtesy with which she met the first glance of the 'beloved one' appeared to startle her as from a reverie, and hastily, but gracefully rising, she presented her hand to Olivia, and in a few low, but yet distinct words, she welcomed her, and seated her by her side. Olivia had now the power to analyse the appearance, which had on its first view so surprised and struck her. She found that every portion of the lady's dress was indeed so superb in effect, and so expensive in construction, as to warrant the sense of its magnificence which she had experienced. It was yet inferior to the finished beauty and untutored elegance of the wearer; yet that beauty was different from any thing she had ever before witnessed, and rather calculated to charm, the more it was examined, than to strike the eye of a European, faultless as it certainly was. This peculiarity arose from the complexion, which was that of the palest lemon colour, to which the unaccustomed eye required reconciling as a novelty. A few moments, however, sufficed to convince her of its beauty in preference to the blonde or the olive, especially as she had never seen any skin so exquisitely delicate; never gazed on eyes so large, dark, and mild, nor beheld lips of such living scarlet, while every feature in form realised all she had seen of Grecian contour, united with that living beauty which marble never can communicate."

An Arabian Taghioni.—"As Amueh considered dejection of spirits the chief ailment of their guest, and rejoiced also in the convalescence of the wounded, she proposed celebrating the circumstance by the performance of a national dance, to which the sheikh consented the more willingly, because it could not fail to shew his daughter to advantage. These dances Olivia found were a kind of dramatic representation, and frequently referred to some early part of Scripture history, such as the finding of Moses, the wanderings of Abraham with the fair wife whom he represented as his sister, or the traditional history of the early tribes. On the present occasion the subject appeared to be the desertion of Ishmael, their general father, and the part of Hagar was sustained by Aisheh, while that of the angel fell to the lot of a handsome boy who had not yet left the women's part of the tent. The general dwelling part of the tent was for this purpose cleared of its usual encumbrances; numerous lamps were lighted, every person put on his gayest habiliments, and seats were ranged as methodically as the place admitted, especial care being taken for the accommodation of the invalids, particularly Falkland, who was nearly the only one of those wounded who now retained that character. The sheikh sat on a kind of domestic throne, and Amueh, closely veiled, stood behind him; but even on this occasion the rest of the women remained in their own abode, content to peep through slits in the curtain, or catch a furtive glance as it opened for the

admission or egress of the parties employed. Most of them, however, played upon a musical instrument resembling a flute, made of reeds, or beat small drums at intervals; whilst others sung in a kind of melancholy but not unpleasant chorus. The part of the patriarch was undertaken by an old man with a singularly long beard, whilst Zaynca appeared (but at due distance) as his wife, and with measured steps they brought forward the fair Aisheh, who held by her hand a child three years old, who had evidently been taught his part, and then retired from the scene. The daughter of the sheikh was dressed with all the splendour her parents could afford, and as it is in dress alone they exhibit wealth, she furnished a strange contrast to the simple tent and its homely furniture. Her close-fitting kaftan (or jacket) was of sky-blue velvet, fastened with silver clasps, and richly embroidered; her petticoat of white damask, fringed with silver, and round her small ancles were bells of the same metal, which in her dancing kept measure with the music. Her dark hair was braided with pearls, and her neck adorned with corals partially seen, as her long veil of the purest Cyprus lawn, in the movements of the dance, revealed it. Solemn silence pervaded the assembly. Aisheh's steps were sometimes indicative of the wildness of despair, at others of the torpor of sorrow; but no voice or countenance indicated sympathy in her affliction, or admiration of her performance among her own people, though not an eye moved for a moment to any other object."

The unfortunate hero and his companion became the prisoners of Suder Cawn. In order to overcome the apprehended resistance of a European female to enter the harem of the tyrant, a small portion of opium is daily administered to her, the effect of which almost produces idiocy; and the following scene ensues:—

"In a state of mind bordering on madness, the keeper now rudely pushed him into Olivia's prison, and bade him wait a minute. He felt this as a kindness, and in some measure it restored him to serenity. No step met him, no voice greeted him; but, on advancing a few paces, he saw no longer the dirty, jaded, and worn-out partner of his captivity, but Olivia, in her glowing beauty, splendidly dressed in the costume of the country, which resembled nearly that which she first put on at Alexandria. She reclined sleeping on a sofa, over the arm of which hung a veil of the finest fabric of Cyprus, and on a table near her was some powder of henna, an embroidered handkerchief, a perfume-bottle, and the reed-pen, with which she formed the pattern for her work. As he gazed upon her, less in admiration than pity, for what could he deem her but a victim decorated for sacrifice, a sudden thought darted into his mind—he seized the pen, which was of course a hollow tube, and filling it with the powder which communicates a red orange colour, he gently approached the unconscious sleeper, and blew it through the tube in various portions all over her face. He was beginning to bestow on her hands the same spotted appearance, when he was suddenly roused by the entrance of Abbas and the woman who usually attended her, in consequence of which he instantly threw the veil completely over her, and then assisted her to rise. By slow degrees, Olivia appeared to recall to mind the information given her along with her new dress, 'that she was about to appear before the rajah'; but when Falkland bade her cheer up, and remember that he was the companion

of her visit, she gave a short shriek of surprise, and sought eagerly to remove her veil, that she might behold him: this, however, he prevented, whispering, 'that many eyes were upon her, and she must enter the presence of the great man, on whom so much depended, with an air of peculiar modesty and humility.' Olivia answered not, but obeyed implicitly, her steps being guided by the female attendant on whom she leaned; but Abbas did not leave the prison, from which they were accompanied to the palace by a guard of soldiers."

The taking of Seringapatam leads to the *denouement*: the various countries through which the story proceeds are little known, and are sketched with much spirit and accuracy.

Lays and Legends of Various Nations. By W. J. Thoms. Part II. France. 12mo. pp. 94. London, 1834. Cowie.

WE are glad to see that Mr. Thoms is proceeding with equal industry and spirit in his pleasant task. The "Legends of France" are still more amusing than those of Germany; and it is a good sign when an author improves as he proceeds. We quote the story of the "Three Thieves."

"There lived formerly in the neighbourhood of Laon three thieves, who by their ingenious stratagems, audacity, and skill, contrived to lay the whole country under contribution. Two of them were brothers, and they were named Haimet and Barat. They were sons of a worthy sire, who had followed the same calling as themselves, and ended his career upon the gallows,—a fate commonly reserved for individuals who exhibit the peculiar species of talent for which he was distinguished. The third was called Travers. It remains but to say, that they never added murder to robbery, but contented themselves with simple felonies, which they committed with an address which was little short of miraculous. It happened one day that they were all three travelling through the forest of Laon, when the conversation turned upon their respective abilities. Haimet, the elder of the two brothers, discovered upon the summit of a lofty oak, a magpie's nest, and saw the old magpie go into it. 'Brother,' said he to Barat, 'if any one should challenge you to go and steal the eggs from under the old bird, without frightening her away, what would you say to them?' 'Say,' replied the younger one, 'why, I should say he was a fool to call upon one to do what was impossible.' 'That is all very well,' replied Haimet; 'but I tell you, that the man who is not able to do that, is but a baby at thieving;' and so saying, he began to mount the tree. When he reached the nest, he very gently made a hole in the bottom of it, caught the eggs as they fell through the aperture, and brought them down, making his companions remark, as he exhibited them, that there was not one of them broken. 'Bravo!' exclaimed Barat: 'I must needs confess that thou art a fellow of inimitable skill; and if you can now reascend and replace them under the mother as skillfully as you took them away—we will readily acknowledge you as our master in the gentle art and mystery of stealing.' Haimet accepted the challenge and remounted; and thus fell into the snare which his brother had laid for him. For as soon as Barat perceived him at a certain height, he said to Travers, 'You have seen what my brother can do. I will now give you a specimen of my skill.' Accordingly, he instantly climbed up after his brother, followed him from bough to bough, and while the other, with eyes fixed on the nest, quite intent on his project, and attentive

to the least movements of the bird, lest he should drive it away, coiled and glided through the branches like a serpent.—Barat adroitly cut off his pockets, and descended, bearing in his hands the trophies of his victory. Haimet, however, having succeeded in replacing the eggs, expected to receive those praises which he felt that his success ought to call forth. 'It is all very well,' said Barat, jokingly; 'but I would bet a trifle you have only hidden the eggs in your pocket.' The eldest would have submitted his pockets for inspection, but finding they had been removed, he saw that he had been tricked by his brother. 'Well,' cried he, 'he must indeed be a skilful thief who can rob a thief.' As for Travers, he felt an equal admiration for the two heroes, nor did he know to which to give the palm. But humbled by the display, and being vexed at their superior dexterity, and conscious of his inability to contend with them for an instant, he said to them: 'My friends, you are too much for me. You would escape twenty times together, while I should always be taken. I find I am too dull to prosper at your trade, so farewell; I shall renounce that, and return to my old one. I am able and willing to work, so I shall go home to my wife, and I hope I shall be able, by God's help, to earn an honest penny.' Accordingly he returned home to his native village; as he had said, his wife was glad to see him; he became once more an honest man, and laboured so successfully, that at the end of some months he was enabled to buy a pig. The animal was fattened, and when Christmas arrived, he killed it, and as usual, hung it up by the legs against the wall, while he went to work in the fields. It would, however, have been better for him if he had sold it: he would by that means have been spared those anxieties which are now to be related. The two brothers, who had never seen him since he separated himself from them, came just at this time to pay him a visit. His wife was alone, busily employed at spinning. She told them that her husband was from home and would not return until the evening. So they went away, not however till they had scanned every corner of the premises; and in this survey, as may be supposed, the fatted pig did not escape their notice. 'Ah, ah!' said they, as they left the house, 'this shabby fellow is going to regale himself with the pig, and has never invited us to partake of it. It will only serve him right to make off with it, and eat it without him.' Accordingly the knaves arranged their plot, and concealed themselves in the neighbourhood, until night enabled them to put their stratagems into execution. In the evening when Travers returned, his wife told him of the visitors whom she had seen. 'I was quite afraid to be alone with them,' said she; 'and they were such ill-looking fellows, that I did not dare to ask them their names, or what they wanted. But their eyes ferreted out every thing, and I don't think there is a nail in the whole place which escaped them.' 'Alas!' exclaimed Travers in a most doleful tone, 'they can be no other than my old cronies; my pig is lost—it is a done thing—and I now wish for many reasons that I had sold it.' 'But,' said his wife, 'at all events let us try to save it; let us remove it from where it hangs now, and conceal it somewhere else for to-night, and to-morrow we can consider what is best to be done about it.' Travers followed his wife's advice; the hog was taken down, and laid upon the ground at a different part of the room, and then covered over with the trough which they used to knead the bread; and when

they had done this, they retired to bed, feeling, however, by no means easy upon the subject. The night at length arrived, and with it the two brothers to put their plans into execution: and while the elder one kept watch, Barat began to make a hole in the wall, at the very spot where the hog had hung. He soon, however, found that there was nothing left there, but the cord by which it had been suspended, and exclaimed, 'We are too late, the bird is flown.' Travers, who was kept in a state of continual alarm, and could get no sleep on account of his dread of being robbed, fancying he heard some noise, awoke his wife, and ran to the kneading-trough to see if the pig were still there. There it was safe enough; but as he felt no less anxiety about his barn and stable, he sallied forth, armed with a hatchet, just to see if all was right. Barat, who heard him go out, seized that opportunity of slipping in at the door; he then crept up to the bedside, and imitating the voice of Travers, said, 'Mary, the hog is not hanging up against the wall; what have you done with it?' 'Why, don't you recollect,' said she, 'that we hid it under the kneading-trough?' 'Now I do,' said he; 'but I really had forgotten it—don't you get up, I'll see about it.' So saying, he went to the trough, and placing the pig upon his shoulders, marched off with it. After having been his round, and examined every part of the premises, Travers returned. 'I must confess,' said his wife, 'that I have got a husband whose head is not good for much: to think that you should so soon forget where you had put the pig.' No sooner did Travers hear these words, than he knew how the case stood. 'Ah,' said he, 'I said they would rob me, and they have done so sure enough. It is gone now, and we shall certainly never see it more.' Nevertheless, as the robbers could not be far off, he thought he would follow them, in hopes of overtaking them, and of recovering his property. They had taken a narrow path across the fields, which led to the woods, in which they hoped to conceal their prey with perfect security. Haimet hastened on in front, to see that the coast was all clear; and his brother, who was somewhat encumbered by the load he carried, walked more slowly, and followed at some little distance. Travers soon came up with the latter. He recognised him, and then assuming the tone and voice of the elder brother, said, 'You must be tired, give it to me; it is now my turn to carry it.' Barat, who thought it was his brother who spoke to him, handed the pig over to Travers, and hastened on towards the wood. He had not, however, proceeded a hundred yards, before, to his great astonishment, he overtook Haimet—'Confound it,' he exclaimed, 'but I have been done! That knave Travers has played me a trick; but, never mind, you shall see whether I am not a match for him yet. So saying, he undressed himself, placed his shirt over his other clothes, made up a sort of woman's cap for his head, and, thus accoutred, ran as fast as he possibly could, by a different road, towards the cottage of Travers, for whose arrival he waited just outside the door. No sooner did he see him approach, than he made up to him, as if he had been his wife, and counterfeiting her voice, inquired whether he had recovered the pig. 'Oh, yes,' replied the husband, 'I have got it safe enough.' 'Give it to me, then, and let me carry it in, while you run round to the stable, and see whether that is all safe, for I heard a great noise there just now, and I am sadly afraid they are trying to break in there.' Travers placed the animal upon the shoulders of his supposed wife, and once more went the

rounds of his farm-yard; and great was his surprise when he returned, to find his wife in bed, crying and half dead with fright. He then discovered that he had been duped again. He was determined, however, not to be balked; and, as if his honour was at stake in the adventure, he vowed that he would not terminate the affair any other way than triumphantly. Though he never supposed that the thieves would take the same road a second time, he entertained the very reasonable opinion, that the forest being not only the most convenient, but also the most secure hiding-place, they would again choose it for their retreat: and so, in fact, it was. Thither they speedily betook themselves; and in the joy of their hearts, and their anxiety to taste the fruits of their enterprise, they lighted a fire at the foot of a spreading oak, for the purpose of cooking a chop or two. The wood, however, was green, and burnt so badly, that they were forced to go rambling about in search of dry leaves and withered branches. Travers, who, thanks to the fitful blazings of the fire, had, in the mean time, been attracted to the same spot, availed himself of their absence to disrobe and ascend the tree. Then suspending himself with one hand from a branch, as if he had been hanged there, he no sooner saw his ancient friends return, and busy themselves in blowing the fire, than he called out with a voice of thunder, 'Unhappy men, your end will be like mine.' Horrified at this terrific announcement, they looked up, and then seeing, as well as hearing, what they supposed to be the ghost of their father, they speedily betook themselves to flight. Travers instantly repossessed himself of his clothes, and of that which he held dearer still, his hog; and returned in triumph to relate to his wife this fresh victory. She, poor soul, threw her arms round him, and overwhelmed him with kisses and congratulations on the boldness and success of the manoeuvre. 'We must not feel too well satisfied of our safety yet,' said he; 'the rogues are not far off, and as long as there is a morsel of the bacon left, I shall be afraid of losing it; but make haste, and get some boiling water, and we'll e'en cook it. If they return then, we shall see how they'll manage to get it.' So, while she lighted the fire, he cut up the pig, which was thrown piece-meal into the saucepan; and they then, that they might take the better care of it, sat themselves down, one in each chimney-corner. But Travers, who was sadly fatigued with the labours and anxieties of his night's work, was not long before he began to doze. 'You had better lay down,' said his wife; 'I will take and watch the saucepan. All the doors and windows are fastened, so there is nothing to fear; and, at all events, if I hear any noise, I can easily wake you.' Feeling satisfied by these assurances, he threw himself, all dressed as he was, upon the bed, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. His wife continued for some time to keep watch over the kettle and its contents; but at length she began to grow sleepy, and finally snored in her chair. In the meanwhile, the thieves having recovered from their first alarm, returned to the oak; where, finding neither the pig nor the gallows-bird who had so scared them, they were not long in divining the truth of the adventure. They felt they should be dishonoured for ever should Travers get the better of them in this war of stratagems, and they returned to his abode, fully determined to make a last effort to save their reputation, and steal his bacon. Previously to commencing operations, Barat peeped in at the hole in the wall which

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he had before made, just to see if the enemy were on the watch. There he saw, on the one side, Travers stretched at full length along the bed, and, on the other, Travers's faithful partner, with head bobbing first to the right and then to the left, fast asleep by the side of the fire; a ladle dangling listlessly in her hand, and the bacon soothing her slumbers as it boiled and bubbled in the pot. 'They are going to save us the trouble of cooking it,' said Barat to his brother. 'Well, we have had so much bother about it, they may well spare us that. So, now, be quiet, and I'll warrant you you shall soon taste it.' Then he went immediately and cut a long stick, one point of which he sharpened; then mounted the roof, and thrusting the stick down the chimney, stuck it into a piece of bacon, which he very carefully drew out. It so happened, that at this moment Travers awoke. He saw the manoeuvre, and then perceiving very clearly, that with enemies so skilful, peace was better than war, he called out to them, 'Comrades, you are wrong to try and steal my bacon, and I was wrong not to have invited you to partake of it. Let us no longer strive for the mastery at tricking and out-witting each other, for there will be no end to the game. Come along, and let us make merry together.' So he went and opened the door to them, and they all sat down to table, and were reconciled to one another as heartily as possible.

"Thus see you, reader, what great pains were taken, by some to steal, by some to save the bacon."

Many of the legends are of a wilder and graver character,—some with a picturesque romance about them admirably adapted to the purposes of poetry. Indeed, we look upon these slight tomes as perfect storehouses for future writers. Many of the outlines here given might be delightfully filled up and enlarged. How wittily has *Merimée*, the author of "*Clara Gazal*,"—one, by the by, of the most amusing of modern French writers—told the story of "The Cherry-tree, Death, and the Knapsack;"—which knapsack, by the by, figures in the German legend of St. Peter and Brother Merry. We add the following curious tradition:—

"The lake of Grand Lieu is the largest lake in France. Its shores are dull and sandy. In the course of the last century it was proposed to drain it, and to convert its basin into a dock for the building of ships for the French navy. It should be added, that the remains of the city are still distinguishable at times, and that its bells are said to be heard occasionally. The latter belief has its origin, however, in the curious fact in acoustics, of the sound of the bells of Nantz, which is two leagues distant, seeming to proceed from the bottom of the lake."

This is something like Moore's allusion to an Irish legend—

"On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve is declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining."

Apropos to Lough Neagh—we see that "the Lays and Legends of Ireland" are announced for the next series.

The Metropolitan Police: its Expenses Examined, &c. Substance of a Speech Delivered at the Town-house, Limehouse. By a Vestryman of St. Anne's, &c. Pp. 92. London, 1834; Colnaghi and Co.; and Sewell.

This is the age of specification and petition-government. Every hamlet has its Cicero, every valley its Demosthenes. If three people

sit down together, the odds are that they begin orations, and drink toasts to each other. Rational men are driven into absolute solitudes by the mania, and dare hardly take a single female companion with them for fear of a lecture. Preachers in the highways, praters in the byways, spouters at clubs, orators at meetings, chairmen at dinners, saints at tea-parties, babblers at all times, and debaters upon all occasions, affright the realm,* and force the quiet and unbitten earnestly to desire a change which should convert the entire English public into Quakers. For ourselves, we have established the idolatrous worship of SILENCE in our study.

It would be well, however, that one in a hundred speeches were as much to the purpose as this before us—a very clear and able exposition of the benefits derived from an effective and well-regulated police. Among the other statements on which our vestryman procured a vote in support of the improved system, we may quote the following particulars, as containing information of interest to the public.

"Perhaps one of the most important points is from the extinction and prevention of fires. By the returns it appears the new police attended 956 in 1830, 380 in 1831, 324; and in 1832, 252.

"It was formerly estimated that the public lost in small thefts, burglaries, and highway robberies, to the amount of 999,000*l.* annually; whereas it has been estimated, that for the year 1832, the loss was under 20,000*l.*; and, without attempting to claim for the police the merit of so great a saving, yet it is but fair that they should have a moderate portion ascribed to them as the result of their exertions.

"We find that in 1831 the number of persons taken into custody was 72,824; in that of 1832, 77,543; by which we have an increase of 4719, which shews that the old system had left the new plenty of work, by the harvest being so abundant: but then, as persons who commit crime hope to escape detection, this inroad amongst them ought to have the effect of lessening the number. Accordingly, in 1833, the number was 69,959, which, compared with 1831, shews a decrease of 2865; and compared with 1832, the decrease is 7584,—at once establishing the decrease of crime and the efficiency of the new police. Again, we have a striking proof of its efficiency in the number of convictions that take place; for it appears that of 3672 committed for trial, 2646 were convicted, being more than two-thirds; whilst formerly, we ascertain that of 1088 prisoners tried, 711 were acquitted, leaving only about one-third convicted.

"The police is said to be a disguised military force. I declare I am unable to see the weight of the objection. If it mean any thing, I suppose it is, soldiers without arms, and soldiers who have become citizens, having a local habitation and a name among us as parishioners; for I believe most policemen are allowed to be on duty where they reside. If so, then I assert, that thus having laid aside every thing that is offensive to the habits and feelings of the people, they are, from their previous life, better enabled to fulfil such arduous and unpleasant duties. But I do not find such to be the fact, for the police is not a disguised military force, as will appear from the following returns of most of the trades and callings of which it is

composed, viz. butchers, 135; bakers, 109; shoemakers, 198; tailors, 51; soldiers, 402; gardeners, 123; labourers, 1154; servants, 205; carpenters, 141; bricklayers, 75; blacksmiths, 55; turners, 20; clerks, 152; shopmen, 141; superior mechanics, 141; plumbers and painters, 46; sailors, 101; weavers, 51; stonemasons, 8. The soldiers in the service are only as one to eight. It is also generally said that there is a large number of Irish; the following are their proportions according to the existing returns, viz. for every 50 Englishmen there are 10 Irishmen and 2 Scotchmen."

These are curious and striking facts, and well deserve attention.

Life and Poetical Works of Crabbe. Vol. V. London, 1834. Murray.

MR. STANFIELD, so long known chiefly as a splendid scene-painter for the theatres, has of late years been making rapid strides to a truly classical reputation; and may well be pronounced worthy of a place among the highest masters of our national school of landscape,—a school which so many features peculiar to itself, and derived chiefly from accurate observation of the peculiarities of our own country and climate, unites almost all the charms of the greatest portrayments of the Flemish landscape. Like Turner, Mr. Stanfield is a laborious and a sagacious man; and in the midst of his engagements with works of extent and costliness, finds it neither degrading nor overburdensome to scatter the light of his pencil on those designs for the illustration of popular books, which, among other good effects, have certainly that of greatly widening the feeling for both art and literature among the population at large, and as certainly that of making the artist who thus gratifies the taste of the time more extensively known and honoured than immense works on canvass have much chance of accomplishing during the course of one's own lifetime. He has often shewn his eminent skill on the present edition of Crabbe; and never has he been more happy than in the designs for the volume now before us. His "View of the Lighthouses of Orfordness" has all the aerial grace of a Turner, with more of real literal truth than that extraordinary artist always chooses to convey; and his "Lover's Journey" is worthy of accompanying that perhaps most exquisite and poetical of all the tales that ever came from the pen of this author. Crabbe does not offer many subjects for the clap-net and melodramatic school of illustration; but he abounds in things which an artist of true genius might turn to noble account. We are happy to see that Murray and Finden design a series of illustrations, landscape, portrait, and scenic, for the whole works of this great poet. The *Gipsies*, so often introduced in these tales, the *Fishermen*, the *Mariners*, are classes of beings who ought to be preserved by the pencil as he saw them; for all things are liable to mutation, and, fifty or a hundred years hence, even these classes may have parted with many of their present characteristics. Besides, our plates are sold, and often re-engraved on the continent; and there can be no question that such poets as Burns and Crabbe will owe a great extension of their European fame to pictorial illustrations exhibiting the actual people whom they drew from and for. But, above all, we should like to see some of the really original conceptions of passion and character, which abound in Crabbe, grappled with by artists capable of catching and stamping the spirit of his creative imagination. What noble things might not Wilkie, Allan, Landseer, and M^cClise,

* We are thinking of a parody song—*ex. gr.*
We are all Speakers, Speakers, Speakers,
We are all Speakers every where.

make of some of the marking-stones in this very volume—of *Jesse and Colin*, for instance, of the *Resentment*, of the *Brothers*, of the *Convent*, or of the *Confidant*!

The Vth tome completes the *Tales*, and begins the "Tales of the Hall." It contains, moreover, about a couple of sheets of poetry now first published, which, though they offer nothing equal to the "World of Dreams," quoted by us in our notice of Volume IV., and which has, as we foresaw, made a very powerful impression every where, will yet be perused with interest and amusement. The best of these new pieces is one entitled "Flirtation, a Dialogue," but which we should imagine had been originally designed for one of the series of *Tales*. It contains the talk that occurs between two flirting misses, sisters, by name Celia and Delia, on the arrival of news that the betrothed lover of the former, a sailor, is, after some years' absence, about to revisit their town. Miss Delia suggests, that should rumours of her sister's miscellaneous flirtations while this Damon was "far at sea" reach him on his advent, he may take the matter to heart, and, in short, break off his old engagement. Celia spurns such an idea—*Charles* is faithful, and will attach no importance to such idle stories of skin-deep liaisons—mere pastimes! Delia puts her sister into the dock, and begins to catechise her as to the defences she would set up, in case our friend *Charles* should consider the said pastimes as worth inquiring into; and the result is a very comical little interlude of charges and replies. We give the close of the scene. After one of her skillful special pleadings, Celia says, "Your thoughts on this?" And Delia answers:

"With some you may succeed
By such bold strokes! but they must love indeed.
C.—Doubt you his passion?—"

D.—But, in five long years
The passion settles—then the reason clears:
Turbid is love, and to ferment inclined,
But by and by grows sober and refined,
And peers for facts; but if one can't rely
On truth, one takes one's chance—you can but try.
Yet once again I must attention ask
To a new charge, and then resign my task.
I would not hurt you; but confess at least
That you were partial to that handsome priest;
Say what they will of his religious mind,
He was warm-hearted, and to ladies kind:
Now, with his Reverence you were daily seen,
When it was winter and the weather keen,
Traced to the mountains when the winds were strong,
And roughly bore you, arm in arm, alone—
That wintry wind, inspired by love or zeal,
You were too faithful or too fond to feel.
Shielded from inward and from outward harm
By the strong spirit, and the fleshly arm—
The winter-garden you could both admire,
And leave his sisters at the parlour fire;
You trusted not your speech these dames among—
Better the teeth should chatter than the tongue!
Did not your father stop the pure delight
Of this perambulating Love at night?
It is reported, that his craft contrived
To get the Priest with expedition wived,
And sent away; for fathers will suspect
Her inward worth, whose ways are incorrect—
Patience, my dear! your Lover will appear:
At this new tale, then, what will be your cheer?
"I hear," says he,—and he will look as grim
As if he heard his lass accusing him—
"I hear, my Celia, your alluring looks
Kept the young curate from his holy books:
Parsons, we know, advise their flocks to pray;
But 'tis their duty—not the better they;
'Tis done for policy, for praise, for pay;
Or let the very best be understood.
They're men, you know, and men are flesh and blood.
Now, they do say—but let me not offend—
You were too often with this pious friend,
And spent your time —"

C.—As people ought to spend.
And, sir, if you of some divine would ask
Aid in your doubts, it were a happy task;
But you, alas! the while, are not perplex'd
By the dark meaning of a threat'ning text:
You rather censure her who spends her time
In search of Truth, as if it were a crime!
Could I your dread of vulgar scandal feel,
To whom should I, in my distress, appeal?

A time there may be, *Charles*, indeed there must,
When you will need a faithful priest to trust,
In conscience tender, but in counsel just.
Charles, for my fame I would in prudence strive,
And, if I could, would keep your love alive.
But there are things that our attention claim,
More near than love, and more desired than fame!"

D.—But why in secret? he will ask you—

C.—Why?
Oh! *Charles*, could you the doubting spirit spy—
Had you such fears, all hearers you would shun;
What one confesses should be heard by one.
Your mind is gross, and you have dwelt so long
With such companions, that you will be wrong:
We fill our minds from those with whom we live,
And as your fears are Nature's, I forgive:
But learn your peace, and my good name to prize,
And fears of fancy let us both despise!"

D.—Enough, my friend! Now let the man advance—
You are prepared, and nothing leave to chance:
'Tis not sufficient that we're pure and just;
The wise to nothing but their wisdom trust—
Will he himself appear, or will he send,
Duteous as warm? and not alarm my friend?

We need not ask—behold! his servant comes:
His father's livery! no fond heart presumes:
Thus he prepares you—kindly gives you space
To arm your mind, and rectify your face.
Now, read your letter—while my faithful heart
Feels all that his can dictate or impart.

Nay! bless you, love! what melancholy tale
Conveys that paper? Why so deadly pale?
Is his sister's writing; but the seal
Is red: he lives. What is it that you feel?

C.—O! my dear friend! let us from man retreat,
Or never trust him if we chance to meet—
The fickle wretch! that from our presence flies
To any writh that any place supplies.
And laughs at you!—but see the letter!—here—
"Married at Guernsey!!"—Oh! the villain, dear!"

The volume has some more of old *Crabbe's* love-poems to fair damsels of Trowbridge. Surely there had been enough of this weakness before!

PETTIGREW ON MUMMIES.

Second notice, and conclusion: the Narrative of the Burman customs, &c. promised in our former notice.

"I AM much indebted to my friend Captain Coke for an account of the modes of embalming practised in the Burman empire. This gentleman was attached to the 45th regiment, engaged in the late war, and was an eye-witness of the curious and interesting circumstances he relates respecting the disposal of the remains of a Burman phonygee, or priest. During his stay in this country, Captain Coke had frequent opportunities of witnessing this extraordinary funeral ceremony, and the following is the account given to me by this intelligent officer:—"The first body of a phonygee I saw prepared for the above public exhibition was a few months after our regiment had left Rangoon, and retired to the eastern bank of the Salween River, which divides the Burman territories from those districts ceded to the British on the Tenasserim coast. We were at that time busily employed in housing ourselves against the fury of the approaching monsoon, from whose first blast our canvass dwellings would be a poor protection. Every day was an object of importance to us, and every workman was eagerly grasped at, though demanding three times the usual wages of an Indian labourer. Judge, then, of my dismay and astonishment at finding myself one morning deserted, without any previous warning, by my whole host of bamboo splitters, rattan peelers, cadian carriers, and bungalow builders. I had invariably made a point of treating them kindly; so, thinking that the urgency of the case must be great which compelled them to leave me in such a helpless state, I for that day was content to put up with the uninteresting spectacle of my house in *statu quo*. The next day coming, and bringing with it no change, my stock of patience was exhausted, and I sallied

forth fully resolved upon solving the mystery in person. Walking down to my architect's, or building factotum's house, in the village of Obo, I found him with several of his fellow-labourers set hand and heart at work in the construction of a huge elephant of wood, some eighteen or twenty feet in height, at whose feet lay a rude warlike-looking gun, resembling a long twenty-four pounder in size and shape; round about which a covey of naked young brats were assembled, at one time attempting in high glee to creep within the bore of the cannon, at another viewing the fast increasing monster with mingled feelings of awe and delight. After much significant shaking of heads and flourishing of hands, with very few words of speech, I was made to understand that, the time being near at hand when a phonygee's body was to be burnt with unusual pomp, the natives were engaged in the necessary preparations, and that if I had any wish to see this dignity of their church lying in state, my master-builder would be happy to accompany me to the kioum, or convent, in which the deceased had resided. Upon our arrival there, we found the body lying exposed to public view upon a stage constructed of bamboos, gaudily, but rather tastefully, decorated with tinsel and coloured paper. The entrails of the deceased (who had been dead upwards of a month) had been taken out a few hours after death by means of an incision in the stomach, and the vacuum being filled with honey and spices, the opening was sewed up. The whole body was then covered over with a slight coating of resinous substance, called *dhamma*, and wax, to preserve it from the air, after which it was richly overlaid with gold leaf, thus giving the body the appearance of one of the finely moulded images so common in the temples of the worshippers of Boodh. Another method which I have known to be practised, but not so common as the one above detailed, of embalming bodies in the Burman country, is by forcing two hollow bamboos through the soles of the feet, up the legs, and into the body of the deceased; then, by dint of pressing and squeezing, the fluid (if I may so call it) is carried off through the bamboos into the ground, the other end of them being fixed into it for that purpose. The necessary ingredients for the preservation of the body are then passed up into it by the same tubes. The body of the deceased afterwards lies in state for several weeks—the exact period, if there be a limited one, I do not know; but the impression upon my mind is, that the time varies from seven or eight weeks to three months; in some very rare instances, bodies have not been destroyed until a year after death, which circumstance rather strengthens my opinion that there is no limited period for the preservation of a body. A few days after we had visited the kioum, there was a grand procession of all the monstrous representations of animals that Burman ingenuity had devised, through the principal streets of the town, and along the lines of the cantonment. These animals were elevated on a low stage with wheels, and were drawn by the retainers of the petty chieftains, who had each constructed a huge rocket of timber, well secured by belts of iron, and then strongly lashed with green rattan between the legs of the beast which each had chosen to construct. Bodies of the natives, too, who lived independently, and owned no chief's supremacy, had associated themselves together for the purpose of sending delegates to this strange assembly. The procession was headed by a long single file of women bearing flags in their hands, and highly

leaguers vessels filled with flowers and fruits upon their heads; these were followed by a band of music, consisting of shrill clarionets, cymbals, drums, gongs, and fiddles, playing a favourite selection of Burman melodies. Numerous dancing-women and chorus-singers followed; the latter, as they approached the English lines, striking up the complimentary air of 'Ta boung ta gar,' beating time with their hands at intervals of the tune, or with a kind of castanet formed of two pieces of split lamboos; while here and there moved on a steady old fellow whom one might have supposed to have been born both deaf and dumb, so sedately did they view the noise and confusion around them. Then came the monsters! the aforementioned elephant and formidable rocket in the van; next approached an unenvied rhinoceros, then boars with tily backs, camels whose heads overtopped the loftiest of our mansions, bison who were all neck and eyes, tigers with tails borne aloft, buffaloes with crimson eyes and vermilion nostrils, bears with shaggy skins, horses equalling the famed one of Ulysses in dimension, and one *par excellence* surmounted by a figure in due proportion of an English serjeant brandishing a halbert of the size of a weaver's beam. The rear of the lengthened array was brought up by representatives of most of the natives of the field, the forest, and the flood, and finally closed by a vast concourse of chorus-singers and standard-bearers. In the evening, some of the principal chiefs kept open house, and gave a 'pwa,' not as the term would signify 'a feast' for the body, but rather a musical soiree, where the ears were regaled with a second edition of singing, dancing, and the acting of some pathetic tale of love; the performers at times being singing boys and girls; at others, as if in keeping with the principal personages of the morning's parade, they were relieved by large puppets excellently manoeuvred by some simple machinery. To these parties we were invited by a card, in the shape of a *pawn* leaf filled with pickled tea,—not the most savoury dish in the world,—being left at our houses. They were usually kept up to a late hour, and often, when I have returned home at midnight, the throng appeared as great as ever. Wrestling and boxing formed also one of the amusements by day, when hard cuffs and heavy falls were dealt about with no unsparring hand, the combatants being invariably separated when either began to lose his temper, and the prize being awarded to him who first drew blood. About the middle of April, the beginning of the new year, and two months after the phonygee's decease, the body was brought out of the kioum, and placed upon a lofty stage on wheels, from twenty to twenty-five feet in height, formed of open fretted bamboo work, with a profusion of small flags and pinnacles highly decorated with paint, tinzel, and gold-leaf. The body was about twenty feet from the ground, with an open canopy above, about which much ingenuity had been called into action, and no expense spared to render it imposing in the eyes of the multitude. Several huge creepers which entwined and strangle the forest-trees of the east, and of the thickness of a ship's cable, were spliced together and attached to opposite extremities of the car, which was drawn out to an open plain in the vicinity of the kioum. Here from ten to twelve thousand people were assembled, as many of whom as could possibly find room for their hands linked themselves to the wooden cables, and each party, raising a tumultuous shout, strove to drag the car in

contrary directions.* At the first heave of the vast multitude, I expected to see the car rent into a thousand pieces; but it stood firm against the efforts of both parties. For a length of time neither party gained the ascendancy; sometimes one would be dragged bodily a few feet to the rear; but rallying again, and by a desperate effort, they would soon recover the lost ground, and by the exertion gain somewhat of their adversary, holding it in turn but for a moment. At last a cable snapped, and away whirled the car at the full speed of 1500 devotees, now worked up to an enthusiastic phrensy by the joyous exclamations of the assembled host of idle, but not uninterested, spectators. Their triumph was, however, of short duration, part of their opponents clinging to the car and clambering on the stage impeded its progress, while the remainder pursued with the broken cable borne aloft on their shoulders; in a few minutes the disjointed part was again lashed to the car, and a check and again a struggle took place. This laborious contest continued for two or three days, when the time had arrived that the body was ultimately to be destroyed.

"At mid-day the car, with its numerous attachés of miniature pagodas, wooden monsters, and their rockets, was drawn out along a road cut expressly for the purpose through the dense jungle which enclosed the village on the land side, into a small plain about a mile distant. The scene now became of the greatest interest, and one of the finest that could be imagined; the gracefully shaped car was placed in the centre of the plain, which was girt on three sides by an amphitheatrical range of low hills, which run in a parallel line to the Salween River. The fanciful figures of the beasts were drawn up in a kind of battle array, at some short distance, upon every side of the stage upon which lay the phonygee's body. Round about them not fewer than 30,000 people were assembled, who, unshackled by castes, were dressed in brilliant and many-coloured costumes, that were well relieved by the dark mass of the foliage which enriched the plain, and connected the rugged sides of the hills, whose loftier eminences were crowned with the light tapering spires of pagodas and temples of Guadma. The unfortunate ex-king of Pegu, with his golden chatah,† and surrounded by his mimic court, took a prominent part in the proceedings of the day. The ascent of a few rockets was the signal for the commencement of a general attack upon the phonygee's car by the surrounding monsters. The rocket between the legs of each being lighted, the animals were propelled by the force of the powder in the direction towards which they were pointed: so from every side they were seen bearing down upon the car, vomiting forth a long train of fire and smoke, and (to make a simile) like so many line-of-battle ships firing their bow-guns in full chase. Some, indeed, deviated a little from the line intended, and, charging the crowd on the opposite side of the circle, trampled down all before them. Two or three people were crushed to death by this 'untoward event,' and the shaft of a sky-rocket descending through an unfortunate boy's head, killed him on the spot. One poor representative of a pig (the cunning construction of some Shans who had possessed sufficient interest to procure English powder for the load-

* "Captain C. tells me that these parties represent the worshippers of water and of fire; and that, according to the success of the one or the other, the body of the priest is to be consumed."

† "None but the king and royal family are allowed to bear umbrellas covered with gold leaf."

ing of their rocket), true to its nature, would not advance a single step. It retrograded, obliqued to the right and left, made a dead halt, and blazed away; but no efforts could induce it to come to the charge. The Shans smote their breasts in dismay, and, dancing about like so many maniacs, poured in volleys of oaths and abuse, while the shrill 'ahma ta ma-koung-boo' of their wives could be distinguished amidst the uproarious peals of laughter which rose from the assembled multitude, and seemed to shake the very ground on which we stood. The *vis à tergo* in vain was tried; a chosen few of the tribe, with their brawny shoulders, gave an impulse à *posteriori*, to no avail; the rocket expired, and the pig had not advanced ten paces from the starting-place. His assistance, however, (had not the honour of the Shans been touched,) to complete the work of destruction, might have well been dispensed with; the combustible materials of the car were soon ignited, and, when the dense cloud of smoke had swept away to leeward, all that was mortal of the phonygee had disappeared, and not a vestige of the car remained."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Views and Descriptions of Cyclopaean or Pelasgic Remains in Greece and Italy; with Constructions of a later Period; from Drawings by the late E. Dodwell, Esq. F.S.A.: intended as a Supplement to his Classical and Topographical Tour in Greece. Large folio. London, 1834. Richter and Co.

MR. DODWELL'S tour in Greece, published in 1819, has grown in reputation from year to year, as its laborious, accurate, and learned investigations have become more generally known and appreciated. His illustrations of Pausanias are striking and remarkable; and every classic scholar will find delight in referring to these pages to inform his mind and correct his imagination and judgment.

In the ardent pursuit of his inquiries into the Sabine mountains in 1830, he unfortunately exposed himself to fatigues which brought on the fatal illness to which he fell a sacrifice in May 1832; his whole life after leaving college, in 1800, having been devoted to these engrossing studies. Amongst our notices of the fine arts, we have very shortly, but very truly described the valuable character of this work in so far as regards that important division of it; and here we have only to speak of the letter-press accompaniment. It is brief, but sufficient; and, together with the views, shews us as much as can be shown of these wonderful remains of antiquity. Lycosura, "the most ancient city of the world," Tiryns, Mycenæ, Delphi, Thorion, Orchomenos, Messalngi, Ænanthe, Panopius, Haliartus, Athens, and many other memorable places and sites are sedulously explored, and all that exists of them imaged to our sense. Altogether, the volume is of standard excellence, and inseparable from the classical or historical library.

Scenes in Ireland, with Historical Illustrations, Legends, and Biographical Notices. By the Rev. G. N. Wright, A.M., P.A., R.H.A. Embellished with Thirty-six Engravings. London, 1834. Tegg and Son.

WE are at a loss to know for what class of readers this volume is intended. It is an uninteresting compilation from various well-known works, respecting well-known places in the sister isle, apparently put together without plan or aim. The engravings are copies of old prints squeezed three together upon a page; so that, speaking honestly, thirty-six engravings

mean twelve ill-executed miniature plates. The book, altogether, is worthless.

RELIGIOUS.

A Short Course of Reading from the Old Testament. By the Rev. H. N. Beaver, M.A. Pp. 581. London, 1834. Hatchard.

A most laudable publication, and worthy of a Christian teacher. The connexion is replete with interest, and the general view finely effective.

The History of Mohammedanism and its Sects; derived chiefly from Oriental Sources. By W. C. Taylor, B.A., T.C.D. 12mo. pp. 400. London, 1834. Parker.

PUBLISHED under the direction of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; the editor has given us a volume perfectly adapted to popularity. It is extremely interesting in every point of view, and conveys a mass of information in a very concise and agreeable form.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. COWPER on calico and silk printing. After some introductory observations on the nature of ornament and contrast of colour, illustrated by an ingenious diagram by Mr. Brockedon, Mr. Cowper explained the various modes of printing silks and calico from engraved wooden blocks, copper-plates, curved copper-plates invented by Applegath, copper cylinders, wooden cylinders curved with pins engraved so as to print from the surface, and the mode of producing a pattern on the cloth by discharging the colour, or by printing it with a protecting wax, which prevents the dye from staining the parts so printed. He also illustrated what is technically called tie-work; which consists in pinching up the cloth with the finger and thumb, and tying it round with a piece of thread. When a handkerchief so tied is put into the dye-vat, the colour cannot reach the tied part, but leaves a little white square spot, with a small coloured one in the middle, which is a very common pattern in silk handkerchiefs. The materials printed in the cloth by the blocks or plates, are either the actual colour wanted, or mordants, i. e. preparations to receive the colour from the dye-vat; the actual colours are called chemical colours, and are fixed in the cloth by steaming, after it is printed. The two principal mordants are acetate of alumine and acetate of iron. If a piece of cloth be printed with seven different blocks, and we use acetate of iron with one block, three different solutions of acetate of alumine with three others, and three different mixtures of it with acetate of iron with the remaining three blocks, and, after drying and washing, put the cloth into the copper with madder—the madder will raise a black when the iron is printed, three shades of red when the alumine, three shades of lilac or chocolate when the mixture is used. The mordants have a strong affinity to the cloth, and the dyes a strong affinity to the mordants. Colours so produced are “fast colours;” whereas chemical colours will not bear much washing. Mr. C. shewed the curious operation of cleansing the superfluous colour off the copper-plate after the colour had been rubbed into the crevices of the engraving. It is in fact scraped off by a thin flexible piece of steel, called by calico-printers “doctor steel,” or “the doctor.” Some persons, thinking this an absurd name, call it “ductor,” which is, perhaps, not much better. Mr. Faraday suggested that this might be a corruption of *abductor*—“the taker away,”—

which is exactly its office, and no doubt its proper name, although it is called doctor by every calico-printer in the kingdom.

TIDES.

“It is intended to make a series of tidal observations round the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland on the same days, for sixteen days together, from June 7th to June 22d next. The object is, to ascertain by how much the time of high and low water at each place is before or after those times at the neighbouring places; and also to determine, wherever it can be done conveniently, the comparative rise and fall of the tide at the different periods of the moon’s age, as well as the different intervals between the morning and evening tides, or any other differences which regularly affect their height. For this purpose the exact time of high and low water, especially of the former, and the height above or below some fixed mark, are to be observed every day and night during the above-mentioned period. The observations thus made, and the results of the comparison of these with others, will be published along with the names of the officers by whom they have been superintended.”—*From Instructions issued by the Admiralty.*

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JUNE.

6d 7h—the Sun eclipsed, invisible to the northern hemisphere; the obscuration will commence at 19h 57m, and terminate at 7d 0h 20m. The visibility of the eclipse will be principally confined to Southern Africa and the adjacent seas. At the Cape of Good Hope 5° 30’ digits of the Sun’s southern limb will be eclipsed. The greatest obscuration of the solar disc will amount to 11° 15’ digits.

22d 11h 12m—the summer solstice; the Sun enters Cancer.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Taurus	6	21	57
☾ First Quarter in Virgo	14	1	2
○ Full Moon in Sagittarius	20	20	22
☾ Last Quarter in Pisces	28	13	57

16d 11h—the Moon in perigee. 28d 19h—in apogee.

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Mars in Pisces	2	22	22
Jupiter in Taurus	5	4	27
Mercury in Taurus	7	11	40
Venus in Gemini	8	21	35
Saturn in Virgo	14	17	46
Uranus in Capricornus	25	2	50

Lunar Eclipse. 20d—the Moon totally eclipsed, invisible to the British Isles; the commencement of the eclipse (at 18h 32m) will be visible to a considerable part of the western coast of Africa, to North and South America, New Zealand, and most of the islands in the South Seas; the middle of the eclipse (at 20h 19m) to North and South America, and nearly the whole of New Holland; the termination (at 23h 7m) to the southern and western parts of South America, the whole of the Pacific Ocean, New Holland, and all the islands from Kamschatka to Java, inclusive. Digits eclipsed 16° 45’ on the Moon’s northern limb.

Lunar Occultations. 21d—the Moon will occult ϵ Sagittarii; immersion, 10h 18m; emersion, 11h 33m. 24d— ϵ Capricorni; immersion, 12h 29m; emersion, 13h 45m.

1d—Mercury in conjunction with ϵ Tauri; difference of latitude, 10’. 1d 19h 10m—in superior conjunction with the Sun. 2d 8h 9m—in perihelion. 12d 16h 20m—greatest north latitude. 14d—in conjunction with α Geminorum; difference of latitude, 4’. 17d—with

m Geminorum; difference of latitude, 17’. 25d—with 2μ Cancri; difference of latitude, 10’.

4d 2h—Venus in perihelion. 5h 8m—in conjunction with α Geminorum; difference of latitude, 44’. 8d—with 1ω Geminorum; difference of latitude, 8’. 10d—with m Geminorum; difference of latitude, 13’. 12d 5h—with δ Geminorum. 16d 20h—with α Geminorum. 21d—with 2μ Cancri; difference of latitude, 29’. 26d—with η Cancri; difference of latitude, 9’. 26d 3h 53m—greatest north latitude. 28d 11h—with γ Cancri. 28d 18h—with δ Cancri.

11d—Mars in conjunction with δ Piscium; difference of latitude, 19’.

10d—Vesta will pass very close to 73 Ceti. 29d—Juno three degrees and three quarters south of 58 Aquila.

5d—Pallas 14’ south of Regulus in Leo. 9d—Ceres 8’ north of 51 Leonis.

Jupiter is too near the Sun to be satisfactorily seen.

6d 5h 9m—Saturn stationary. 25d 23h 44m—in quadrature with the Sun. 10d—Major axis of the ring of Saturn, 41° 20’; minor axis, 4° 05’. Uranus is advancing to a favourable position for observation.

Deptford.

J. T. BARKER.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Antivary Meeting.

THE Right Hon. C. W. William Wynn, president, in the chair.—The eleventh annual report of the council was read. It chiefly dwelt on the topics, of which a *précis* is subjoined, premising that the state of the Society was such as to afford real cause for congratulation: it then alluded to Mr. Colebrooke’s state of health, lamenting that it had induced him to tender his resignation as Director of the Society; which, however, the council did not see fit to accept. The report next referred to the financial state of the Society, as exhibited by the result of the auditors’ inspection of the accounts, and noticed two alterations which the council thought it would be expedient to effect in the regulations affecting the subscriptions. The loss which the Society has sustained by death was deplored, and those members more particularly connected with the east were especially mentioned. From this subject the report went on to announce the most important donations received during the past year; and entered into some details relative to the Auxiliary Societies already established, and others in progress of formation. The publication of another fasciculus of the Transactions, being the third and concluding part of the third volume, was referred to; and, in connexion with a memoir by Lieutenant Burnes, inserted in it, occasion was taken to pay a well-merited compliment to the zeal and enterprise of that officer. On the subject of publications, the report further alluded to the forthcoming Journal of the Society; and drew the attention of the members to the Essay on Hindu Architecture by Ram Roy, of which copies were laid on the table. The resignation, by Colonel Tod, of the office of librarian, was noticed in terms of regret; and the report concluded by reminding the members of the anticipations of the Society’s usefulness and effective exertion, expressed in the last annual report, pointing out how far those anticipations had been already realised, and dwelling with satisfaction on the honours conferred on two distinguished members of the Society (Sir C. Wilkins and Sir Graves Haugh-

tem), as indicating that the importance of its objects was recognised in the highest quarter.

The auditors' report, read by Mr. D. Pollock, exhibited a balance in the Society's favour, on the 31st of December last, of 365*l*. 15*s*. 4*d*.

Sir A. Johnston read the report of the committee of correspondence, and explained its proceedings verbally at great length, in an able speech, in which he developed the inquiries instituted, and the information obtained in consequence, relative to the various laws and oaths in use among the natives subjected to British authority in India; the facilitating of the communications between Europe and India by means of steam navigation; and, thirdly, the effects which will probably result from throwing open the trade with China to all British subjects. Sir Alexander concluded his address by pointing out different circumstances tending to the promotion of the Society's views and operations, and the evidences that Indian affairs were exciting more general interest in the people of this country.

Mr. C. Grant, president of the Board of Control, in a very interesting speech, moved a vote of thanks to Sir A. Johnston, with a request that he would reduce his observations to writing, for the purpose of being printed. The motion was carried unanimously. Some proposed alterations in the Society's regulations were then submitted and approved; and the president addressed the members with reference to the progress of the Society, and the desirableness of inducing the natives of India to exert themselves in literary pursuits.

On thanks being voted to the council, Captain Gowan suggested the propriety of the president of the Board of Control being *ex officio* the president of the Society; but the suggestion was not supported by any other member; and the opinion expressed was, that it would be very inconvenient, on many accounts, to adopt such an arrangement.

Thanks were then returned *seriatim* to the Society's officers for their services during the past year; and a vote of thanks was also carried to Mr. Grant for his attention to the interests of the people of India, as evinced especially in the introduction of the Indian Jury Bill.

The following are the names of the gentlemen elected into the council, viz. Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., W. B. Bayley, Esq., Lieutenant-Colonel Colebrooke, C. Elliott, Esq., R. Jenkins, Esq., L. H. Petit, Esq., D. Pollock, Esq., and Professor Wilson; instead of the Earl of Caledon, the Right Hon. H. Ellis, Right Hon. H. Mackenzie, the Hon. R. H. Clive, R. Clarke, Esq., Lieutenant-Colonel Doyle, Lieutenant-Colonel Tod, and H. V. G. Tucker, Esq. Sir Graves C. Haughton, K.H., was elected librarian in the room of Colonel Tod. All the other officers remain.

The meeting then adjourned to the 7th of June.

In the evening a number of the members and friends of the Society dined together at the Thatched House, St. James's Street, C. W. W. Wynn, the president, in the chair. Several of the ambassadors, and other distinguished persons, were present.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HALLAM in the chair.—Mr. Akerman exhibited a large brass coin of Vespasian, found in removing a house for the improvements in the approaches to London Bridge. The Bishop of Bath and Wells exhibited a very curious, and certainly very ancient ring, found a few days since near his lordship's resi-

dence at Banwell. From the pattern and shape of the ring, we take it to be Roman, of the lower empire; the stone set in it appears not so old, and bears a well-executed engraving of a lion. Mr. Otley communicated a dissertation on the antiquity and ancient manufacture of paper, translated from Giovanni Andres. The invention appears to have originated with the Arabs, who first made paper of cotton; and as the use of it spread into other countries, it was made of cotton or linen, as either of those materials happened to be the production of the country: the Persians made it of silk. An account was given of the earliest known MSS. on paper in various countries, the oldest being (we think) a dictionary in Spain, written in 1091.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

SIR HENRY HALFORD, Bart. the president, in the chair.—The president announced that the Dean of Westminster had favoured the College with a paper, which he (Sir H.) would then read. It was a description of the great plague which raged at Marseilles in the year 1720, derived from a journal kept in that city, and from other authentic records preserved there, which had only recently been brought to light and published. The mortality which the pestilence occasioned was represented as truly frightful, amounting at one time to a thousand deaths in a day; and all means of interring the dead having failed, the streets were lined on each side with bodies dragged from the houses. Nor were the moral evils which ensued less than the physical. But meanwhile, the incredible exertions of the good Bishop of Marseilles and of others of the clergy, and of the medical attendants, many of whom fell a sacrifice to their intrepidity, shone forth as noble and conspicuous instances of the most devoted heroism. An excellent description was added of the symptoms of the disorder, and of all the circumstances under which it first appeared and finally declined. Among the learned and distinguished visitors to the College were the Archbishop of York; the Bishops of Bangor, Gloucester, Exeter, Chichester, and Derry; Chief Justice Tindal; Justices Gaselee, Vaughan, Patteson; Baron Alderson, Lord Grosvenor, the Vice Chancellor, &c.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Fourth Notice.]

No. 52. *The Fountain of Indolence*. No. 75. *The Golden Bough*. J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Much criticism has been bestowed on these extraordinary performances, and to some they are no doubt justly liable. Yet, by what living artist but Mr. Turner could they have been produced? Whose mind is so replete with rare and gorgeous landscape imagery? What other hand could have poured such streams of rich and lucid colour over the canvass; or have filled it with such masses,—indistinct and unintelligible when closely inspected, but, when viewed at a proper distance, assuming shape and meaning, and delighting the eye with the finest poetical and pictorial beauty?

No. 189. *Dutch Peasants waiting the return of the Passage-boat*. A. W. Callcott, R.A.—Not less admirable, though of quite a different character, is the style of Mr. Callcott; of which style the picture under our notice is a charming specimen. It addresses itself equally to the ignorant and to the learned in matters of art. It is simple, unsophisticated truth—but truth, told in the most perspicuous and de-

lightful manner. We could gaze for hours on its sweet and tender tones; which communicate the tranquillity they so well represent. The figures are very appropriate, and are introduced to the utmost advantage.

No. 351. *Installation of Captain Rock*. D. M'Clise.—The more we examine this wild and marvellous work, the more we are amused and astonished at its fertility of invention and facility of execution. It is as full of animation as a drop of water in an oxy-hydrogen microscope. Fun and ferocity, pathos and grimace, profound grief, and tipsy revelry, crowd upon and jostle one another; and altogether produce a scene which we will venture to say can be witnessed no where on the face of this various earth but in "the emerald isle." There is matter enough for a dozen ordinary pictures. It is evident that Mr. M'Clise's fancy is inexhaustible, and that he is so well grounded in the elements of his art, that he has no difficulty in instantly expressing whatever he conceives. We know of no young artist from whom, when he is a little sobered by time, greater things may be expected.

No. 13. *Scene of the olden time at Bolton Abbey*. E. Landseer, R.A.—A beautiful picture, painted with Mr. Landseer's accustomed skill. The mild dignity of the principal character, and the reverential awe of the subordinates, are finely expressed. Those were certainly days when the church was in a palmy state. When we look at the profusion of four-footed and feathered game lying at the feet of the abbot, who is reading the courteous missive by which the present has been accompanied; and observe the finny offering from another quarter, and the salver of rich and cheering cordials which an attendant is bringing in,—all indications of a well-stocked larder and cellar,—we are reminded of the burden of the fine old song—

"What baron or squire, or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar?"

No. 169. *The Orphan*; No. 309. *Polish Exiles conducted by Bashkirs on their way to Siberia*. W. Allan, A.—Mr. Allan's pencil seems to come upon us with renovated powers. These are both very touching performances. The first represents Sir Walter Scott's breakfast-room at Abbotsford. Seated on the floor, and leaning on the vacant arm-chair, in melancholy abstraction, is the affectionate daughter of the lamented bard; herself now in the grave. An old and faithful domestic entering with refreshments is sensibly affected by this spectacle of filial sorrow. The "Polish Exiles" we consider Mr. Allan's master-piece. It represents a temporary halt. Extended on the earth is a beautiful but exhausted female, whose husband, a noble Pole, is earnestly remonstrating with the guards, and urging the impossibility of a further advance. The Bashkirs (dark figures relieved against a light sky), are seated on their jaded horses, motionless and apathetic; if we except a lurking feeling of pity in the glance of one of them, which however is evidently insufficient to counteract the natural obduracy of his character. Immediately behind is a small group of attendant prisoners, with countenances deeply and variously expressive of grief and despair. In the distance are the "wilds, immeasurably spread," which the wretched party have yet to traverse. The execution of this interesting performance is equal to its sentiment.

MR. WYATT'S HORSES.

THE great room at No. 28, Old Bond Street, was opened to the public on Monday last,

with an exhibition of models by Mr. Matthew Cotes Wyatt, the most striking of which are those of *A Charger*, and *The Horse of St. George*.

Certainly no form, except the human, presents more lines of undulating beauty than that of the horse. Its fine proportions, its graceful symmetry—its vigorous, elastic, and varied action—claim for it universal admiration. Of all these properties, Mr. Wyatt's charger, which approaches the colossal size, and which, we understand, is to be cast in bronze, to sustain the statue of George III., which Mr. Wyatt is at present executing, affords a perfect specimen. Full of energy and expression, he seems to be anxiously awaiting the moment when the relaxation of the curb may permit him to rush into the battle. His appearance strongly reminded us of the sublime passages in the Book of Job, in which the horse is described as "pawing in the valley, and rejoicing in his strength,"—as having "his neck clothed with thunder,"—as "mocking at fear,"—as "swallowing the ground with fierceness and rage." "The glory of his nostrils," is, indeed, "terrible."

In the *Horse of St. George*, the artist has taken an opportunity of shewing this noble animal under a different character. Of the charger, courage is the chief attribute; anger is the principal feature of the horse of St. George. He is represented, without his rider, grappling with, and about to strike the wounded dragon, who, though struggling in the pangs of approaching death, is still a formidable enemy. In his evident object to shew the horse under the impression of strong vindictive feeling, we think Mr. Wyatt has been eminently successful. The fallen monster, with his scaly body and serpentine folds, is poetically imagined and skillfully executed; and the whole composition is grand and spirited.

Although few artists have made the horse more frequently the subject of their study than Mr. Wyatt has, yet the other works in the room shew that it has not been his exclusive study. One of them is the small but original model of the magnificent and well-known monument erected by the town of Liverpool, to commemorate the victory of Trafalgar. Death, concealed in the folds of the enemy's lowered flag, clutching the hero in the moment of triumph, is one of the finest and most applicable ideas that have ever been conceived. A small model of a monument erected to the memory of the late lamented Duchess of Rutland, is also full of pathos. In conformity to her own and last wish, she is represented ascending from the tomb, and joining the spirits of her departed offspring. The figures are seen at the end of a vista, or gallery; and the effect of the light thrown upon them is quite magical. A small model of the late Duke of York, another of the Marquess of Anglesea, and a bas-relief of a horse, in bronze, complete this interesting gallery.

WALTHAM CROSS.

MOST of our antiquarian readers must be aware, that the restoration of the beautiful stone cross at Waltham, or rather at Cheshunt, has been some time in progress. On Saturday the 17th of May, a party of gentlemen, who had actively exerted themselves to preserve the cross and restore it to its original character and elegance, and, by that exertion, had obtained a subscription of nearly 3000*l.*, assembled at the Falcon Inn, where they partook of a very handsome dinner. William Harrison, Esq., barrister, was in the chair,

whilst among a company of fifty-four, were Sir Abraham Hume, Bart., Colonel Osborne, Richard Westmacott, R. A., the Rev. Mr. Harman, John Britton, J. Rickman, J. B. Nichols, J. T. Saunders, R. and A. Taylor, J. Disney, Thomas Windus, E. W. Clarke, &c. &c.

After the first toast, with the usual plaudits, to the king, the learned chairman prefaced the second with some historical and biographical remarks on the characteristics of the reign and personal merits of Edward I. and his faithful and affectionate queen, Eleanor of Castile. Her youthful marriage—devotion to her chivalrous sovereign and husband—decease at Hereby, on the borders of Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire—funeral procession, and route to Westminster Abbey for interment—and the crosses, or monumental cenotaphs, raised to her memory at certain places where the corpse and procession halted for a night, were all briefly but properly noticed by the chairman. He then dwelt particularly on the architectural and sculptural character of these once interesting specimens of the arts of the age, and, referring to Mr. Britton's essay and illustrations of them, in the "Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain," said, that the name of the artist who designed them was unknown. They could not have been by Pietro Cavallini, as some authors had conjectured; for he was only a youth at the date of their erection, soon after 1290. Of these beautiful and highly valuable trophies only three remain, viz. at Geddington, Northampton, and Waltham; and, unfortunately, the last was in the most dilapidated state—not, however, from the effects of weather and time, but from its peculiarity of position, in a great public road, and closely adjoining two large inns. The late Dr. Stukeley endeavoured to rouse the energy of the Society of Antiquaries in its behalf, and induce them to restore and guard it against defacement or total destruction; but that Society collectively could not be prevailed upon to accede to the proposal. Some posts and rails were fixed at its side to keep off carriages; and a little brick-work, to repair the base, was added; but many of its elegant architectural details had been entirely destroyed, and the pristine beauty and character of the design entirely lost. To remedy these evils—to shew what Waltham Cross was in its days of novelty and Catholic admiration and devotion—was the object of the respectable and numerous party now assembled. They had obeyed the call of a gentleman who had long been resident on the spot, and whose son, Mr. W. Clarke, had, as an architectural study, made large and elaborate drawings of the Cross. The chairman took occasion to compliment Sir Abraham Hume, who was seated on his right hand, for his general devotion to the fine arts, and particularly for having prevailed on her present Majesty to patronise this undertaking, by defraying the charge of restoring the effigies of Queen Eleanor, by Mr. Westmacott. This is certainly a delicate and difficult task, but the experience and taste of this accomplished artist will surmount all obstacles, and we may safely calculate on seeing this part of the work judiciously and skillfully executed. The learned chairman noticed several other objects and matters connected with the times when the Cross was erected, and concluded an elegant and appropriate address amidst a burst of applause from the company. In the course of the evening he gave other toasts, accompanying each with apposite compliments to individuals, or re-

marks on public persons and events. Among the toasts was one to Queen Adelaide; another to the secretary, Mr. E. Clarke; a third to the treasurer, Colonel Osborne; a fourth to the Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries who had aided in the present restoration, and who were now present. Messrs. Britton, Nichols, R. and A. Taylor, T. Windus, and T. Saunders, acknowledged this compliment; and Mr. R. Taylor replied to the toast. Mr. R. Westmacott, in responding to the toast of the Royal Academy and his own name, very properly entered into some inquiry and comment on the state of monumental sculpture and architecture of the time of Edward I., and gave it as his opinion, that the statues in this Cross, as well as that on the tomb of Eleanor at Westminster Abbey, and others of the same age, were evidently the works of artists from Pisa, which city at that time had a school of importance, both as to number and ability. Two out of the three statues in the Waltham Cross were in a fair state of preservation, and required but little to be done to them; but the other, which occupied the western niche, has been much injured, and its head has been destroyed. The able sculptor said he had taken this to his study in London, where he intended to work out the drapery, and make new hands and head, with the most scrupulous regard to the original. Being of Caen stone, he should send to Normandy for pieces to match; and he hoped to be able to replace the statue in its new niche, but old site, with all its original expression and truth. To inquiry respecting the funds, the secretary replied, that he hoped there were sufficient to defray all the works hitherto engaged for; that the landlord of the Falcon Inn had very liberally allowed one corner of his house to be taken down, by which means the fifth side of the Cross would be seen; but that the rebuilding of this end of the house, with the steps and rails at the base and around the cross, would, however, exhaust the whole amount of subscription. Some gentlemen present then announced that they were so much pleased with what had been done, that they were ready to double, or even treble their subscriptions, should more money be required to render the whole work substantial and creditable to all parties concerned. Mr. Britton availed himself of an opportunity to express his approbation of the masonic execution of the new work, and complimented Mr. Farrar for the care and skill he has shewn. In the course of the evening it was remarked by the chairman, and by other gentlemen, that it would be very desirable to repeat this pleasant and cordial meeting on the completion of the Cross.

THE ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

ON Saturday the anniversary was observed in Freemasons' Hall, the Earl of Durham presiding. Upon this occasion there was less speaking than is usual, his lordship prefacing only one toast with a few appropriate remarks in recommendation of the Institution, and in praise of our living native school of arts. Sir M. Shee proposed the chairman's health, with some complimentary observations, and also returned thanks for the toast of the Royal Academy, of which body Messrs. Phillips, Chantrey, Clint, Stanfield, and others, were present. Mr. Mann, one of the vice-presidents, addressed the company with much animation, and a subscription to the amount of upwards of 100*l.* was announced. The music department, with Broadhurst, Taylor, T. Cooke, and the

two boys of whom we made mention at a former meeting, was very efficient, and filled up the entertainments of the day most agreeably.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Dodwell's Pelasgic Remains in Greece and Italy. Richter and Co.

WE do not remember to have ever seen so extensive, so perspicuous, and so interesting a set of topographical views. They are of a noble size, and are a hundred and thirty-one in number. The style in which they are executed conveys the idea of perfect fidelity. There is no straining for effect, no sacrifice of one part to give greater importance to another; but the objects, many of which are of the most picturesque form and character, are all represented as in open day-light; with a care, and finish, and reality of delineation, exceedingly pleasing and satisfactory.

Cabinet Illustrations for Pocket Editions of the Holy Bible. Parts II. and III. Van Voorst. THESE parts fully sustain the character which we gave of this pleasing little publication on its first appearance.

ORIGINAL POETRY
CUPID,

In the form of a child, winged, blindfolded, and armed with a bow and arrows, is guided by Folly.—OLD FABLES.

On! Love is a queer and a wayward boy,
And one knows not how to take him;
Now dull with grief, and now mad with joy,
As the whim of the hour may make him:
Yet it seems to me that the bards of old,
That so grievously scoff and flout him,
And that prate of his bow and his darts of gold,
Must have known mighty little about him.

For sure if he were such a mischievous god
As to use his friends so sadly,
All hearts would not haste to obey his nod,
And his service seek so madly.
They've painted him, too, as a silly chit,
And Folly is set to lead him;
But the knave is cunning enough to outwit
The wisest that would impede him.

A bandage around his eyes is seen—
Oh! how could they be so stupid?
What deity is there that's half so keen,
And so quick of sight, as Cupid?
A thousand things that the vulgar eye
May seek in vain to discover—
A glance, or a blush, or a smothered sigh,
Speak volumes to the lover.

Let him view from afar but a feather's tip
On his fair one's bonnet floating,
And he'll instantly find beneath, the trip
Of the form on which he's doating.
If ever the god any blindness shews,
If ever we can deceive him,
'Tis but when he chooses his eyes to close
On the faults that he knows would grieve him.

They've drawn him a pair of wings behind,
And made him for ever changing—
From forms that are lovely, and hearts that are
kind,
Ah! who ever found him ranging?
That he at least *now* is more constant grown
The most sceptical must discover;
For when they have once my ** known,
They never will cease to love her. * * *

MUSIC.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE fourth concert of the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music was held in Hanover Square

Rooms on Saturday, and was distinguished by some very successful performances. Among those who obtained, as they merited, the suffrages of a well-filled room, we must particularly mention Mr. W. S. Bennett, who performed a concerto on the piano-forte, for the first time in public, and gave proof of very great excellence and of equal promise. The contrabasso (Mr. Howell) of a trio, in which the other performers were Messrs. Phillips and Lavenue, shewed himself a perfect master of this difficult instrument. Miss Hitchcock is a singer of much promise in her peculiar line; and Miss Macfarren, whom we heard in an aria, "*Mi Vedrai*," has a fine contralto voice. These two young ladies were loudly eulogized in a terzetto with Miss Cooper. We have only to add, that the choruses were well executed, and that there was little to condemn, if we may except the horrible time that was taken up by the discord of tuning the instruments.*

MR. SEDLATZK'S AND SIGNOR BRIZZI'S
CONCERT.

THIS concert was one of the most brilliant and overflowing of the season. Indeed, it well deserved the patronage received. Mademoiselle Grisi, Tamburini, Curioni, and Ivanhoff, sang delightfully. De Begnis was a little after his time, but he made up for it; and his duet with Miss Waters was admirably executed; so was that between Signor and Signora Brizzi. Moschelles' "*Tarlotin*" was perfect in its extraordinary execution; but we do not know when we have been more pleased than with Sedlatzek's "*Souvenir du Simplon*,"—it was delicious. We must conclude by noticing Miss Macfarren, the sweetness of whose tones were, however, obscured by her want of confidence. The Societa Armonica concert next week.

* The following is part of a statement issued by the Royal Academy of Music, and signed by its zealous and accomplished president, Lord Burghersh. "Since the opening of the Institution in 1825, there have been received into the Academy 300 pupils. Of this number, a very considerable portion of the female pupils have devoted themselves to the study of the harp and piano-forte; many other of the pupils are professionally established in Ireland and Scotland, and distant parts of the country; and others are pursuing their profession upon the continent and in America. Yet, notwithstanding the deduction to be made of all those included under the different heads thus enumerated, the list of pupils now delivered in as competent to assist at the royal Festival, and who have been selected by the principal and professors of the establishment (for whose efficiency they have made themselves responsible), amounts to no less than 131 performers, all of whom have received their education in this national Institution. Of these individuals, a considerable proportion, now holding distinguished situations in the profession, have been educated entirely at the expense of the Institution (without their contributing in the slightest degree towards its funds): thus affording the most beneficial application of the charitable as of the scientific purposes for which it was established. Many others have been instructed on such very reduced terms, as to bear no sort of proportion to the unavoidable heavy expenses of their education; and even the full contribution required by the regulations, is in no way adequate to the expenses incurred, and would be totally insufficient for procuring the extended education (comprising in all cases three branches of musical instruction) afforded in this Institution under any other system existing in the country. It is evident, therefore, that an establishment which has extended its charitable objects to so numerous a class of persons, and which has, with so much efficiency, been applied to the extension of musical instruction and knowledge throughout the country, is in every sense a charitable institution, peculiarly demanding the steady support and patronage of the opulent community of this kingdom. In other countries, where the liberal arts are encouraged, the government provides a building suitable for the design of such an establishment, and an annual sum is granted by the government, adequate for its support; and yet, notwithstanding the want of such powerful assistance, notwithstanding the very limited means at the disposal of the directors of this Institution, they can, without fear of contradiction, assert, that no similar establishment in Europe, possessing all these advantages, could have produced, in the same period, such a number of distinguished and efficient professors, educated in any of their conservatories, as the Royal Academy of Music has now to offer for the services of the Festival.

DRAMA.

GERMAN OPERA.

OUR notice of *Der Frieschütz* must be brief, as fresh subject matter of interest has sprung up during the present week. Herr Schmetzer, who played the hero, fully justified the favourable opinion we expressed of him on another occasion, last week.* The other performances were not, individually, of that superior order to call for particular remark; but the general effect was very good, the choruses being excellent, and the orchestra well disciplined.

Last Wednesday night an opera by Winter was produced, an adaptation from which was brought out a few seasons ago on the English stage, under the title of *The Oracle*; or, *the Interrupted Sacrifice*—we decline mystifying our readers by transcribing its unpronounceable German name. The admirable style in which this charming opera was performed, has greatly raised the present company in the public estimation. Herr Schmetzer, who played Murney, the Englishman, both acted and sang with that strong feeling which constitutes the great charm of vocal and dramatic performance. He possesses a fine voice, a pure taste, and, apparently, an enthusiasm for his country's music. Indeed, this latter quality seems to be shared by all the German performers, who give the ideas of the composer as he wrote them, without introducing any running commentaries of their own.

The voice of Demoiselle Weinhold is hardly good enough for a *prima donna*, it being exceedingly thin in the middle part of the scale. Madame Michalesi, who played the second character in the piece, appeared better qualified to sustain the first than Demoiselle Weinhold. The other parts were ably filled, and the concerted pieces were excellent, except that, in some of the choruses, the trebles were rather flat in the high notes. The orchestra was highly effective, the accompaniments in particular being delightfully subdued, so that the whole intent of the composer was understood and felt. Oh that some of our orchestral performers would take a lesson from these Germans in the art of accompanying the voice! Even in the choruses on Wednesday night, the instruments were, for the most part, more subdued than we have often heard them in accompanying a song at our concerts and theatres. Such an uncivilised state of things among our instrumentalists calls loudly for reformation, and we trust the good example now before them will have its proper weight. It is possible there may be some English performers among the band at the German opera; but, if so, they are kept in due subjection by *Capell-meister* Mangold, who is an excellent generalissimo of the musical forces. The compositions of Mozart, Weber, and Winter, given us by the Germans, afford a striking contrast to the dishes of skimmed-milk which form the staple entertainments of the Italian opera, and which are only rendered endurable by the superior vocalisation of the respective performers.

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DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

On Friday, at Drury Lane, Macready took the arduous character of *Lear* (for his benefit), and repeated it on Monday at Covent Garden. On the first occasion the house was filled—the pit crowded, and the boxes graced by a numerous

* See the notice of Madame Stockhausen's concert, page 382, where there is a misprint, which we take this opportunity of correcting. It is stated that a German drinking chorus, by Mangold, was sung by "all the female voices;" it should have been "all the male voices."

audience, such as used to be seen in the better days of the Drama; a proof, if proof were wanting, that there is yet left, after the dram-drinking of horses and harems, enough of taste and feeling in the public to render good plays and good acting attractive. *Lear* was performed agreeably to the text of its immortal author, and was a tragedy, not a melo-dramatic entertainment; a tragedy of the deepest pathos, ending as only such events as precede could naturally end, in desolation and death. To Macready's personation of the old king, we think the fittest epithet that can be applied is, that it was beautiful. The chief difficulty he had to contend against was that of a man in the vigour of life assuming the decrepitude of fourscore years; which, whenever the excitement of strong passion abates for a moment, is the leading feature of the part. The tottering step, the feeble gesticulation, and the exhausted look, succeed in turn the fits and starts of grief and rage which tear the weak and doting monarch, till overwhelmed at last he sinks to die upon the corpse of his murdered *Cordelia*. The rapid mixture of these various emotions require the utmost skill in the representation of *Lear*; for he must alternate quickly, and in many passages, the fire of youth with the infirmity of age; he has the energy of the former in his curses and transports of fury, the debility of the latter in his physical existence and despondencies, and utter woe. The fine and subdued tone with which Macready rendered these transitions was, as we have said, beautiful; and some of the sentences of nature's own poetry and pathos were given with transcendent effect. The last scene was wonderfully touching; and the bursts of applause which fell upon it, with the curtain, showed the actor how truly he had accomplished his great task—one of the highest by which we can test the genius of his profession. Miss Phillips was a sweet *Cordelia*, and lost none of the tenderness of that interesting character. Cooper's *Edgar* was also a spirited and able piece of acting; and Warde, Bartley, and G. Bennett, as *Edmund*, *Kent*, and *Albany*, gave every degree of efficacy to these parts. Mr. Macready was loudly called for (a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance), and, in acknowledging the compliment, very happily expressed his hope, that he might more deserve such approbation hereafter than he could have done under the nervousness of a first appearance.

COVENT GARDEN.

Pleasant Dreams, a slight but pleasant reality, by Mr. C. Dance, was produced on Saturday, and, being well enacted by Liston, Bartley, Blanchard, Meadows, Mrs. C. Jones, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, was very favourably received, and has run almost nightly ever since, to the contentment of the lovers of laughable farcicality.

VICTORIA.

THE novelties at this theatre have been *débuts*, or first appearances in different characters. Some of these we shall pass over in merciful silence, thus reserving for ourselves the pleasant task of praise. We must particularly mention the young lady who on Wednesday came out as *Helen*, in the *Hunchback*, and who, we think, promises much. She has a pretty face, and a slight and graceful figure, together with a pleasant voice. We must also add, that she dressed with great taste, and like a lady—a requisite too often forgotten. Her frigate was so great as almost

to paralyse her exertions; but every now and then the interest of her part carried her away, and then there was an archness and a grace that indicated talent only repressed by fear. Her appearance,—which is best characterised by the word elegant—is greatly in her favour; and we doubt not, when recovered from agitation and alarm, she will more than realise our prophecy of her success.

On Monday a clever melo-drama, with excellent scenery, and called *Karakoo, or the Sailor and his Dog*, was produced; and afforded an opportunity for displaying the great sagacity and docility of the dog Bruin, who, wounded in defence of his master, cripples through the remainder of the piece on three legs, the other being supposed broken. The gods and pitiful creatures below were in raptures at this exhibition. What with savages and sailors, hair-breadth 'scapes, war-dances, hornpipes, &c. &c. the piece is full of that sort of interest which belong to its class, and was applauded accordingly.

On Tuesday Mr. Ranson, from Edinburgh, appeared in the character of *Pierre*. He is of Mr. Young's school, and acquitted himself in a very satisfactory manner.

SURREY THEATRE.

THE first of sailors, T. P. Cooke, scraped his bow here on Monday, in a new piece, called *Tom Cringle*, and founded on a portion of that navigator's interesting *Log*. Need we say that he was perfectly at home, and elicited such shouts of applause as appertain to the favourites of the public? Pantomime followed, and *Little Bo-peep*, in turn, yielded to *Esmeralda*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Yates are most effective.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

THE PANTHEON IN OXFORD STREET.

THIS noble building, which has for so many years been untenanted and neglected, having undergone a thorough repair, and the interior having been entirely reconstructed, was opened on Wednesday last as a bazaar; and it is but common justice to say, that it is beyond all doubt the most splendid establishment of the kind that has ever been formed in London, or, we presume, elsewhere. The principal saloon is of magnificent dimensions; with a lofty arched glass roof, supported by light elegant columns, beautifully painted *en arabesque*. It is occupied with stands, for the sale of fancy articles of every description; and is surrounded by spacious galleries, devoted to the same purpose. The view from the latter, when the hall is filled with company, is one of the most gay and glittering spectacles conceivable. But this is not all. There are several apartments, of no mean size, the walls of which are adorned with pictures, principally by modern artists; many of which are here seen for the first time. They have been selected with great taste, are various in their subjects, and of themselves form a highly entertaining and interesting exhibition. Besides this, at the extremity of the building a conservatory has been erected, which (to use the French idiom) "gives upon" Great Marlborough Street. Although not very extensive, it contains a number of choice plants; and the coolness produced by several jets d'eau renders it a refreshing lounge to those who have passed through the warmer temperature of the interior. The attractions of this new and certainly unrivalled institution draw crowds of visitors daily; for, among its recommendations, is one that is of great importance in the

eyes of John Bull, and, perhaps, of still more in those of Mrs. Bull—the admission to every part of it is gratuitous; police officers and other persons being placed at the entrances, to prevent the intrusion of disorderly or improper persons.

THE COSMORAMA.

THE present series of pictures at the Cosmorama is, we think, the most interesting we have ever yet had exhibited. The Hippodrome at Constantinople is a fine subject, and admirably adapted for this species of illustration, giving a perfect idea of that portion of an eastern city. Grenoble, and the interior of St. Gudule, are equally good, though of so entirely different character; while the Lake of Thun, the Isola Bella, the Cascade of St. Cloud, the Island of Philoe, and Mount St. Bernard, afford very various and striking scenes to be impressed on the memory. In one the artificial lights are extremely curious, and in another, the wildest majesty of nature is most happily imitated. We cannot describe a place of public resort better suited to inform the young and please the fancy of all visitors.

POLITICS.

THE interest of all other considerations in the political world is merged in the sudden rupture which has taken place in the cabinet. Who are to succeed the noble and honourable individuals who have resigned their official situations was not known when we went to press.

VARIETIES.

Hardening.—A blacksmith brought up his son, to whom he was very severe, to his own trade. The urchin was, nevertheless, a most audacious dog. One day the old Vulcan was attempting to harden a cold chisel which he had made of foreign steel, but could not succeed. "Horsewhip it, father!" exclaimed the young one; "if that will not harden it, nothing will."—*New York Mirror*, a various and pleasant journal of literature and the arts.

Cambridge Philosophical Society.—A paper by Mr. A. De Morgan was read, containing observations upon the principles which have usually been referred to in treating of Series and of the fundamental doctrines of the Differential Calculus; several of which principles the author conceives have been assumed without due proof; and examples were given in which such principles are false. Prof. Miller exhibited and explained the instrument invented by M. Say for the purpose of taking specific gravities, with some improvements of his own. Mr. Willis exhibited and explained an instrument constructed by him, which produces correct representations of the orthographic projections of irregular objects, as, for instance, of bones; this he proposes to call an orthograph. Mr. W. W. Fisher gave a statement of his views concerning the origin of tubercular diseases: such diseases he conceives arise from a deficiency of nutritive energy in the osseous system, and from the modifications introduced by this deficiency into the character of other vital processes in the animal economy.

Lithographic Chalk.—We have seen some specimens of lithography, executed with a chalk recently invented by Mr. Hullmandel, which are certainly superior in the delicacy and firmness of their lines to any that we have hitherto met with, and which seem to us to bear out Mr. Hullmandel in his opinion, "that artists will now be enabled to execute subjects which could not before be attempted with the usual lithographic chalks."

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Sardanapalus.—There is a remarkable coincidence as respects the leading features of the life and tragical fate of Sardanapalus, the last of the first race of Assyrian monarchs, with the story recorded of Cheu-gu, one of the ancient kings of China. In a small fragment of "The history of China, from the time of Puenchi, the first king of the Chinese, to their last, Altunchan, whom Gingichan harassed in war," translated from the Persian of Abdallah, by name Abu Said, of Beyza in Persia, (who wrote several histories of Eastern dynasties, under the title of "The Chaplet, or String of Pearls," that of China being called in Persian *Kysm heshtun der tareek Kaitae*), we are told—"At this time there was a city not far off, of which Cheu-gu was king, called Chan-batu, or Chan-Balik (*Pekin* of Müller); Cheu-gu had reigned in it sixty years, thirty in justice and equity, and thirty in iniquity. His wife's name was Tali; his minister's Uli, a brave commander. To him he gave an order to build a great palace, and fill it with provisions from all places in the neighbourhood; to which palace the name should be given of *Chang-ye-king*, that is, "the palace of a long night, or long-night palace."† The windows were all to be closed, that the house should appear to be in perpetual darkness from without; but within, the light of numerous flambeaux was seen by night and day; and here the king gave himself up to a constant revel, and said, "This is the one true night." In the mean time, Chud-vang, with great exertion, raised an army, which Cheu-gu having heard of, threw himself into the fire and was burnt; and thus Chud-vang† got possession of his (Cheu-gu's) kingdom.

Mr. Power.—The *New York Mirror*, after highly complimenting our popular actor, mentions that he is preparing a work for the press, entitled "A Dramatic Tour through the United States." It then repeats the nonsensical story of his being the brother of Lady Blessington: we hope the former part of the story rests on a better foundation.—*Apropos*, letters from Power just received in London state his intention of skirting the country where he is so mighty a favourite, for yet more than another year.

The Kembles.—Mr. Kemble and his accomplished daughter commenced their last theatrical engagement at New York at the end of April: when finished, the lady's marriage is announced.

Ledererite not a New Mineral.—In a late Number of the *Gazette* we noticed the discovery of a mineral in Nova Scotia, supposed to be new, and called Ledererite, which we opined might belong to the Leolite family, and was probably a variety of Thomsonite. Specimens have since been transmitted to Mr. Phillips, and the mineral has been ascertained by him to be the hydrolite of De Drée, or Omelinite of Sir D. Brewster.

Epitaph in Twickenham Churchyard.

(The wife dies.)

Weep not for me, my husband dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here.

(The husband dies.)

Your husband dear has ceased to weep,
And here with you will lie and sleep.

* Vide "Chinese Chronicle, by Abdallah of Beyza, translated from the Persian by S. Weston, B.D. F.R.S." London, 1820.

† According to others, "palace of red marble."
† The son of Cheu-fang, of the class XII. of the kings of China, or the Kaitans, or imperial dynasties; he was the 133d king, according to their chronology, which would place this event at about 800 years B.C. Abdallah of Beyza flourished about 1317 A.C.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

Sketches of Natural History. By Mary Howitt.
Part the First of a Brief Sketch of Modern History, designed for the use of Boys at the Public Schools. By two Members of the University of Cambridge.
Travels through Belgium and in Germany, with Excursions to Wiesbaden-Baden-Baden, and among the Hartz Mountains. By Mrs. Trollope.
A Guide to the Highlands of Scotland, with a travelling map.
Mr. Wilkinson's Researches in Thebes.
Raumer's Letters on History.
Vols. III. and IV. of Universal History.
A Descriptive, Explanatory, and Critical Catalogue of Fifty of the earliest Pictures in the National Gallery, (including the two Correggios lately purchased by Government). By J. Landseer, F.S.A.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Dictionary, Practical, Theoretical and Historical, of Commerce and Commercial Navigation, by J. R. McCulloch, Esq., 2d edit., considerably enlarged, in one large vol. 8vo. 2s. 10s. bds.—Treatise on Arithmetic, Theoretical and Practical, by Dr. Lardner, forming Vol. LV. of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, small 8vo. 6s. cloth.—Opie's (Mrs.) Lays for the Dead, fcp. 8vo. 5s. bds.—Sermons on the National Church Establishment, by the Rev. Joseph Holmes, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Flora Poetica; or, Poetry on Flowers, selected and arranged by T. Willcocks, 24mo. 5s. cloth. 6s. silk.—Elements of the Greek Language, by James Tate, A.M., 4th edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Histories from Scripture for Children, by Miss Graham, 16mo. 3s. 6d. half-bd.—London at Night; and other Poems, by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, post 8vo. 5s. bds.—Houston's Series of Religious Tracts, 3 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d. cloth.—Bingham's Antiquities of the Christian Church and other works, 4 vols. 8vo. 3l. 4s. bds.—Kidd's Pocket Companion to Gravesend, the Nore, and Herne Bay, 18mo. 1s. 6d. sewed.—Scenes in Ireland, by J. N. Wright, A.M. 12mo. 5s. bds.—Valpy's Hume and Smollett, Vol. V. 12mo. 5s. cloth.—Two Years at Sea in 1829, 30, 31, by Jane Roberts, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Geography Simplified, by an Experienced Teacher, 12mo. 4s.—Brother Tragedians; a Novel by Isabella Hill, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Memoirs of Spain during the Reigns of Philip the Fourth and Charles the Second, from 1621 to 1700, by John Dunlop, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. bds.—Sacred Classics, Vol. VI. (Baxter's Dying Thoughts), 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—DeBrett's complete Peerage of Great Britain and Ireland, 5th edit., carefully revised, with a new set of Coats of Arms, from drawings by Harvey, edited by Wm. Court-hope, Esq., 8vo. 28s. bds.—Crabbe's Life and Works Vol. V., 12mo. 5s. bds.—Bucke's Works, 2 vols. imperial 8vo. 2l. 2s. cloth.—Something New from Aunt Mary, 18mo. 2s. cloth.—Juvenile Plutarch, 18mo. 2s. cloth.—Amusements for little Girls, by Mary Elliott, 18mo. 2s. cloth.—Sermons chiefly for Particular Occasions, by Rev. J. Aspinall, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—The Truth of Christianity proved from Ancient Prophecy, by Rev. R. Walker, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Notes on the more prominent Difficulties of the four Gospels, by John Page, D.D., 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Aldine Poets, Vol. XXX. (Young's Poetical Works Vol. 1.), 12mo. 5s. cloth.—The Sermon on the Mount, every Sunday in the Year, by the Rev. Jas. Wheeler, M.A., 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. bds.—Physiognomy founded on Physiology, by Alexander Walker, post 8vo. 14s. half-cl.—Library of Romance, Vol. XII. (The Jesuit), 12mo. 6s. cloth.—Christian Ethics; or, Moral Philosophy on the Principles of Divine Revelation, by R. W. Laidlaw, 2d edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth.—Outline of a System of National Education, fcp. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Ayesha, the Maid of Kars, by the author of "Zohrab," 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—The Poetical Works of Anne Radcliffe, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12s. cloth.—Principles of General Grammar, by Sylvester de Lacy, translated by R. Fosdick, Jun., 12mo. 4s. cloth.—On the Penitentiary System in the United States, by Beaumont and Toqueville, translated from the French by F. Lieber, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Lectures on the Homiletics and Preaching, by Ebenezer Porter, D.D., 8vo. 12s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1834.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 15	From 51. to 70.	29.83 .. 29.78
Friday.... 16	... 49. .. 66.	29.70 .. 29.61
Saturday... 17	... 46. .. 64.	29.47 .. 29.36
Sunday.... 18	... 40. .. 62.	29.37 .. 29.49
Monday... 19	... 37. .. 65.	29.65 .. 29.83
Tuesday... 20	... 39. .. 70.	30.04 .. 30.01
Wednesday 21	... 36. .. 69.	30.35 .. 30.38

Prevailing wind, S.W.

Rain at times on the 15th, 17th, and 18th; otherwise generally clear.

Rain fallen, .275 of an inch.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 22	From 43. to 67.	30.33 to 30.27
Friday.... 23	... 45. .. 70.	30.24 .. 30.23
Saturday... 24	... 41. .. 72.	30.25 .. 30.29
Sunday.... 25	... 40. .. 71.	30.29 .. 30.24
Monday... 26	... 37. .. 69.	30.24 stationary
Tuesday... 27	... 39. .. 68.	30.21 .. 30.18
Wednesday 28	... 42. .. 68.	30.13 .. 30.11

Wind, N.E.

Clear, except a few clouds passing at times.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society, March 1834.

Thermometer—Highest.....	50.00° .. the 10th.
Lowest	23.25 .. 18th.
Mean	42.76612.
Barometer—Highest.....	30.28 15th 18th
Lowest	29.28
Mean	29.94557.

Number of days of rain, 7.

Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 0.60625.

Winds.—5 East—9 West—1 North—1 South—2 North-east—0 South-east—9 South-west—4 North-west.

General Observations.—The month was warmer than since 1830, and the extremes were above any in the last two years in the corresponding month. The quantity of rain was less than since 1829, and the barometer stood, on three days, higher than since 1830, in the same month; while the mean and minimum were above those for the last ten years. The wind generally from the westward.

April.

Thermometer—Highest.....	65.50° .. 27th.
Lowest	24.75 .. 14th.
Mean	44.17083
Barometer—Highest.....	30.20 .. 3d and
Lowest	29.02 .. 28th.
Mean	29.91177

Number of days of rain, 7.

Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 0.4375.

Winds.—6 East—0 West—8 North—1 South—3 North-east—3 South-east—2 South-west—7 North-west.

General Observations.—Although both the extremes of the thermometer were below those in April last year, yet the mean temperature was greater by upwards of a degree. The barometer was very high during the whole month, and the mean was above any in the corresponding month in the last seven years, while the range was small. Less rain fell than in any April during the period above referred to, and the whole quantity, since the commencement of the year, has been remarkably small. On the tenth some snow fell in the neighbourhood.

Meteorological Journal, kept at High Wycombe, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society, 1933.

Month.	Thermometer.				Barometer.				Rain. In Inches.	Winds.							
	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.		N.	N.E.	E.	S.E.	S.	S.W.	W.	N.W.
January.....	44	31.50	32.88104	22.50	30.42	29.03	29.94557	1.39	0.675	2	1	8	3	10	1	1	1
February.....	52	37.50	33.58104	24.75	30.77	29.58	29.72083	1.91	1.58125	4	3	8	4	1	1	1	7
March.....	53	31.25	33.58260	33.75	30.06	29.75	29.9047	1.31	2.08125	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	1
April.....	66	39	34.3475	38	30.01	29.83	29.95387	1.91	2.08125	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	1
May.....	77	33	34.3475	42	30.03	29.83	29.95387	1.91	2.08125	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	1
June.....	77	33	34.3475	42	30.03	29.83	29.95387	1.91	2.08125	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	1
July.....	76.50	30.75	36.6829	41.50	30.20	29.75	29.76846	0.93	1.9875	5	1	2	5	1	2	10	4
August.....	73.75	33.50	34.83459	40.25	30.15	29.75	29.7115	1.15	2.08125	6	1	11	4	1	1	7	3
September.....	67.75	31	35.9025	39.75	30.20	29.83	29.9358	1.07	1.9875	5	2	6	5	4	3	3	3
October.....	65.50	30.90	36.9576	38.50	30.02	29.83	29.95387	1.19	2.08125	7	6	5	4	4	2	6	3
November.....	63.50	30.40	36.9576	38.50	29.68	29.83	29.95387	1.19	2.08125	7	6	5	4	4	2	6	3
December.....	63.50	30.40	36.9576	38.50	29.68	29.83	29.95387	1.19	2.08125	7	6	5	4	4	2	6	3
Year....	81	21.25	46.19035	35.70	30.42	29.50	29.93232	1.15	2.08125	34	42	29	69	48	31	51	62

At Wycombe, the thermometer and barometer are registered at eight A.M., at three and ten P.M.; the extreme cold is ascertained by a self-registering thermometer; the wind is the result of the most frequent observations.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter of Mr. Meymott, of Ludlow, contending that the words "bloody sweat," in the Litany, are linguistically and physiologically improper, would better suit a religious than a miscellaneous periodical. We agree with him, that "blood-like," or "profuse," would be the better expression; and that the idea of an actual sweating of blood is unsupported by any authority.

ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION,

The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by Ancient Masters, from the Collections of His Most Gracious Majesty, the Most Noble the Marquis of Westminster, and the Right Hon. Sir Charles Rogot, G.C.B., is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

TO ARTISTS.—The Glasgow Dilettanti Society's Seventh Annual Exhibition of the Works of Living Artists will open on the 1st of August next.

Works of Art for this Exhibition from London and its Vicinity, may be sent to Messrs. R. Reynolds and Co. Dundee Wharf, London, before the 20th July.

The Carriage of Pictures to and from Glasgow will be paid by the Society.

WALTER BUCHANAN, Secretary.

Glasgow, May 1834.

GENERAL CEMETERY COMPANY.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING is fixed for the 5th June, at 12 for 1 o'clock, at the Office of the Company, 15, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. The Directors express their hope that the Shareholders will visit the Grounds, Catacombs, and Buildings, at Kensal Green, previous to their attendance at the General Meeting. The Grounds are now open daily to the Public. All particulars relative to interment to be had at the Office, 15, Great Russell Street.

C. B. BOWMAN, Secretary and Solicitor.

SUBSCRIBERS TO MR. GEORGE DOO'S

ENGRAVING OF THE CHILD WITH FLOWERS, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, are respectfully informed that the Plate is Printing, and that all the Impressions will be ready for delivery on the 30th June.

50 before Letters (price raised), at Five Guineas—all engaged.
100 India Three Guineas.
200 Plain Two Guineas.
Prints One Guinea.

In July a printed list will be forwarded to Subscribers for Proof Impressions, in which the names of the subscribers of each class will be placed against their names respectively.

Also, in the course of the present season will appear, engraved by Mr. Doo, on copper, a highly finished Print after Raffaele, entitled,

50 before Letters at Two Guineas.

100 India One Guinea and a Half.

200 Plain One Guinea.

Prints Half-a-guinea.

Published for the Proprietor, Mr. George Doo, by F. G. Moon,

25, Threadneedle Street, City.

••• A Companion to the Print of the Child with Flowers is in progress.

PRINTS, DRAWINGS, BOOKS OF

PRINTS, ORIGINAL PAINTINGS, &c. &c. which will be sold by Auction, (by order of the Assignees of Messrs. Hemming and Monckhouse, by Mr. Hodgson, at his Great Room, No. 102, Fleet Street, on Monday, June 9, and two following Days, at Halfpast Two o'clock precisely. A highly valuable Collection of Prints, Drawings, and Books of Prints, collected by George Baker, Esq. formerly of St. Paul's Churchyard, presumed to be the finest and most extensive Collection of the Works of that eminent Artist, Bartolozzi, ever offered for public sale; being in their choicest states, and the whole nearly fine Proofs, many with the Etchings, and several very rare and unique, with capital Engravings by other eminent Artists; numerous Engravings of the Battle of Bunker's Hill, Sortie at Gibraltar, and Death of General Montgomery, after Trumbull, Engraved by Sharp, Muller, and Clemens; Proofs, and Proofs before Letters. The Books include Bayly's Shakespeare, 9 vols. folio, Proofs and Etchings, with a set of the large Plates, 2 vols.; Hogarth's Genuine Works, 4 vols. Proofs and Etchings; Guercino's Etchings, Proofs, with an original Drawing by Bartolozzi; Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian, 14 vols. imperial paper, illustrated with Proof Plates; Du Roveray's Pope, 9 vols. imperial paper, Proofs before Letters, Proofs and Etchings; Martin's Milton, large size, Proofs before Letters, Proofs and Etchings; Claude's Liber Veritatis, Proofs; Thomson's Seasons, Proofs and Etchings; Britton's Architectural Antiquities, 4 vols. large paper, Proofs and Etchings in different Variations; Tableaux Historiques de la Revolution Française, 3 vols. Proofs; Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, 5 vols. large paper, Proof Portraits; Alexander's Costume of China, with the original Drawings; Grace's Scotland, Ireland, and Military Antiquities, Proofs, with some original Drawings; Opere di Metastasio, 12 vols. Proofs; Beauties of England and Wales, large paper, Proofs and Etchings; Galerie de Lambert, Proofs, &c. &c. The whole elegantly bound in morocco, russet, and calf, by Hering. An original Painting by Hogarth, Portrait of Mr. Baker, &c.

To be Viewed on Friday and Saturday preceding the Sale; Catalogues had of Messrs. Baxendale and Co. Solicitors, King's Arms Yard; Messrs. Fry and Thorne, Solicitors, Chesapeake; R. Waltham, Esq. Official Assignee, Basinghall Street; and at the place of sale.

THE PICTURES AT MARLBOROUGH

HOUSE.—By Messrs. CHRISTIE, MANSON, and CHRISTIE, on the Premises, on Tuesday, June the 17th, precisely at One o'clock, the remaining part of the capital Collection of Italian, French, Flemish, and Dutch Pictures, at Marlborough House, Pall Mall; comprising Saint Sebastian, a fine Gallery Picture, by Lanfranco; an Historical Subject, by Squaine; the Battle of Lepanto, a very spirited Picture, by Lingelbach; Abraham and Hagar, by Victor; a capital Landscape, by Everdingen; and others by

Bronzino Everdingen F. da Cortona Wyck
Rubens Van Steen Verelst Verelst
Berghem C. Maratti Weenix Wouvermans
Keightenberg V. der Heist G. Poussin A. V. de Velde
A. Carracci Moyna Terburg J. Miel
Van Dyck Bona W. V. de Velde K. du Jardin.

May be viewed Saturday and Sunday preceding, and Catalogues had.

PICTURES OF COL. WAY, Deceased.

By Messrs. CHRISTIE, MANSON, and CHRISTIE, at their Great Room, King Street, St. James's Square, on Saturday, June 21st, at One o'clock precisely, the valuable Collection of Italian, French, Flemish, and Dutch Pictures of Col. Way, Deceased, and removed from his Seat at Denham Park, near Uxbridge; comprising the Lord of the Vineyard, the celebrated Picture by Rembrandt, engraved by Earlom; a Horse-Fair, by Wouvermans; a Fair of capital Pictures by Veret; Ruins; by Pannini; the House of Commons in 1670; and others by

Raffaello N. Poussin Terburg Fyt
C. Maratti G. Poussin Hackert Van Loo
F. da Cortona Holbein Berghem Wyck
S. Rosa Breughel Van de Velde Lambert.

May be viewed two days preceding, and Catalogues had.

SALE OF VALUABLE PAINTINGS.

PRINTS, and BUSTS, at STAUNTON HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE.—The Nobility and Gentry are respectfully informed, that the splendid and splendid Collection of the Italian, Dutch, Flemish, and English Schools, Prints, and Busts, at Staunton Hall, Leicestershire, the Seat of the Right Honourable the Earl Ferrers, will be submitted to public competition, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 17th and 18th Day of June, 1834, each Morning at Eleven o'clock. Amongst the masters the following are pre-eminent:—

Rubens Suders
Sir Peter Lely G. Poussin
Vander Vaart Wyck
Sir Godfrey Kneller Salvator Rosa
Correggio Jean Baptiste Monoyer
Caravaggio Le Sueur
Catalogues may be had 20 days prior to the Sale, of Mr. J. V. White, Brownlow Street, Bedford Row; of Messrs. Southgate, Son, and Grimston, Auctioneers, 22, Fleet Street, London; and of Mr. Christie, Auctioneer, 55, Abchurch Lane, Leicestershire, 3 miles from Staunton Hall; and Tickets to view the Paintings, &c. may be had of Mr. Christie.

after Prout's exquisite Drawing, will be completed this month.

This Work has been the labour of many years, and is well deserving the amazing expenditure of time which has been devoted to it by Mr. Henry Le Poer, to a ready and competent, both in the vigour, as well as in the delicacy of its execution, with the most popular works of the present, or, indeed, of any past age. Whether as a drawing, or as an engraving, it must ever rank among the choicest productions of the art, while a double charm is thrown over it from the additional circumstances of the city which it represents having been the long-favoured residence of the late Lord Byron, to a ready and competent illustration of the poem, entitled "The Dream," engraved by Willmore, after Mr. Eastlake's picture, it is intended to form a companion.

From the surpassing delicacy of beauty of the Plate, the number of India Proofs before the letters must necessarily be limited, and it will be indispensably advanced on the day of publication, from the present price of Six, to Ten Guineas.

MR. F. G. MOON has great pleasure in

acquainting the Public, and the Patrons of the Fine Arts more especially, that the splendid Line Engraving of

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CAUTION.—The PATENT EVER-

POINTED PENCIL, an instrument universally allowed to be of the greatest utility, and particularly recommended to the Public; but care must be taken in purchasing the Patent Pencil (as well as the Leads for replenishing the same), as the utility depends on the mathematical nicety with which they are made.

To detect Fraud.—The Patentees inform the Public, that all Pencils having Steel Points are frauds, and, to avoid all inconvenience, the following remarks on purchasing will insure them a genuine article:—See the Pencil has the name "S. Mordan and Co. Makers and Patentees," on the body of the case. The proper Leads for replenishing the case have on each box a "snow ball, with the word "Warranted" on it, and a red sealing-wax impression, bearing the initials "S. M. and Co."

Shopkeepers in London and the provincial Towns would do well to observe the above remarks, to prevent their being imposed upon, the Public being much inconvenienced in not being supplied with the genuine article.

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••• The usual allowance upon Music to Bookellers, &c. Birmingham, Wilson, Royal Exchange; B. Steele, and W. Strange, Paternoster Row; Burgess, Holwell Street; Farnock, Compton Street; and all Booksellers.

GREAT CONCERT ROOM, KING'S

THEATRE.—Mr. BOCHSA respectfully announces to the Nobility, Gentry, his Pupils, and the Public, that his Morning Concert will take place, in the above Room, on Wednesday, June 4, 1834. Principal Vocal Performers, Madame Isabelle Guillelmi Gris, Madame Stockhausen, and Madame Caradori Altieri; Mrs. H. R. Bishop, Miss Bruce, and Miss Woodcutt; Signor Rubini, Signor Curioni, Signor Begger, and Signor Ivanoff; Signor Tamburini, Signor Zucchielli, and Mr. H. Phillips, and Signor Labache, who is expected in England in June. Grand Pianoforte, Mr. Henry Herz. In the course of the Concert, Mr. Bochsa will perform the following new Mr. Pieces, introducing all his Harp Effects; Concerto Basso; Brilliant Variations on the Favourite March from Rossini's Oello; Panorama Musical, Fantastic Sketch, intended to give an idea of the various styles of music, from the year 1500 down to the present time; and a Morceau Ouslanique, a Duett Quartet for Eight Harps, with his Pupils. Leader, Mr. Mait. Conductor, Mr. H. R. Bishop. To begin at Two o'clock.

Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had of Mr. Bochsa, No. 4, Finsbury Terrace, Edgeware Road; of Mr. Seguin, at the Box Office of the King's Theatre; of Mr. Delvaux, 5, King Street, Golden Square; and at all the principal Music Shops.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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